The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 4, 1899.

The Week.

Gen. C. McC. Reeve, who has just returned from the Philippines, not only considers the war which we have been waging the past three months as deplorable and unjustifiable, "contrary to our principles in the past," but he also holds that "this bloodshed, this necessity of conquering these poor wretches, might have been avoided." To prove this contention, he tells "one piece of news that is not generally known in the United States," but which ought to be brought to the attention of every citizen:

> "On Sunday, February 5, the day after the fighting began, Gen. Torres of the insurgents came through our lines under a flag of truce and had a personal interview with Gen. Otis, in which, speaking for Aguinaldo, he declared that the fighting had been begun accidentally and was not authorized by Aguinaldo, that Aguinaldo wished to have it stopped, and that to bring about a conclusion of hostilities, he proposed the establishment of a neutral zone between the two armies, of any width that would be agreeable to Gen. Otis, so that during the peace negotiations there might be no further danger of conflicts between the two armies. To these representations of Gen. Torres, Gen. Otis sternly replied that the fighting, having once begun, must go on to the grim end. And it has been going on ever since."

An official dispatch sent by Gen. Otis on the 8th of February, and given to the press by the authorities at Washington, stated that "Aguinaldo now applies for a cessation of hostilities and conference; have declined to answer." But it has never before been made plain, as it now is by Gen. Reeve, that Aguinaldo disavowed responsibility for the first collision of the opposing forces, and immediately sought to open negotiations for peace, but was repulsed by the American commander in terms which virtually forced him to keep on fighting.

Idaho volunteers have been doing their part in killing Filipinos, but now they are needed at home to put down riotous miners in the Cœur d'Alène district. The Governor of the State has called on the President for United States troops, inasmuch as the local militia have been sent to Manila. This demand is perfectly proper; and the general Government, having stripped Idaho of its own defenders, is bound to see to it that life and property are protected against riot. It is extremely fortunate that the country has been so generally prosperous during the past six months. Otherwise, Mr. McKinley might have had many disagreeable reminders, like this one from Idaho, of the danger of accepting the services of volunteers for one war and then holding them for service in another.

Of the men now talked of for Speaker of the House, Mr. Cannon of Illinois is decidedly the fittest for the position by experience, temper, and firmness. He has been chairman of the committee on appropriations long enough to enable the country to form a judgment of his character, and the general conclusion is that the place has not been filled more acceptably during the present generation. He has been the consistent foe of jobs and extravagance, and no scandal has ever come near him. Moreover, although a consistent Republican, he has not been an extreme partisan. His most prominent competitor is Gen. Grosvenor of Ohio, a man of ability, but of uneven temper, and a partisan to the point of extreme fury. Two members from New York, Payne and Sherman, are also talked of, but neither of them has yet made such a mark in the public mind as either Cannon or Grosvenor. It is a part of the jargon of politics that the West can get the Speakership if the South will join forces in the attempt, or that the East can get it if Ohio and the South will help, and so forth. The less we hear of this kind of sectionalism the better. Speaker Reed was elected not because he was from the East, but because he was considered the best man for the place. The same was true of Mr. Carlisle when he was chosen Speaker, and of Mr. Randall and Mr. Blaine when they were chosen. Sectionalism was "not in it," and it ought not to be now, and probably will not be when the time comes for making a decision.

The argument on the Quay side in the controversy over the right of the Pennsylvania Governor to give the boss a temporary appointment as United States Senator develops some humorous features. One of them is the contention of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* that, when the Constitution says that the Executive of a State may make a temporary appointment if the vacancy happen during the recess of the Legislature, until the next meeting of that body, it means that Gov. Stone of Pennsylvania may name Quay, but that the Governor of Delaware cannot name his choice when the same sort of vacancy exists in that neighboring commonwealth. Four Legislatures which should have chosen Senators the past winter failed to do so—in Pennsylvania, Delaware, Utah, and California. One would naturally suppose that the Governors of all four States would possess equal authority to make a temporary appointment. The *Inquirer* insists that there can be no doubt of Gov. Stone's right to do this in Pennsylvania, but that Gov. Tunnell of Delaware must not, its language being:

> "It is argued by some of his opponents that while it might be an easy task to seat Quay on personal grounds, yet if he were seated, the Governors of Delaware, California, and Utah must be conceded the right to appoint claimed by Gov. Stone. This is not necessarily so, for each case must stand upon its own ground. It could hardly be claimed, for instance, that the Democratic Governor of Delaware should be entitled to appoint a Democrat when there is a Republican Legislature."

The *Inquirer* seeks to defend this position by laying down the principle that "the popular voice must be taken into account." It claims that Quay was made a direct issue before the people, that he won by a great Republican majority, that he was the regular candidate of more than two-thirds of the Republican members, and failed of election only "because a couple of petty Republican bosses entered into a conspiracy to defeat him." But Quay's opponents maintain that "the popular voice" of the majority of the people of the State was the other way. The truth is, that it is often difficult to tell what the popular voice in any State at a particular time is. Take the case of Connecticut, for example. In 1884 it gave a plurality of its popular vote for Cleveland for President, and chose a Legislature which elected a Republican to the Senate. In 1892 it again gave a plurality for Cleveland, and again chose a Legislature which elected a Republican to the Senate. Which was "the popular voice" in Connecticut in these two years—the support of the Democratic party on the Presidential issue, where every vote counted, or the support of the Republican party on the senatorial issue, through the unjust advantage enjoyed by that party in the apportionment of the State for members of the Legislature under an antiquated Constitution?

An incident of the Georgia lynchings on Sunday and Monday of last week forcibly illustrates the more than likelihood that "Judge Lynch" may err in his decisions. The mob that hung the colored preacher Lige Strickland, on the unsupported testimony at the stake of the wretch Sam Hose, would as readily have hung another colored preacher, against whom no charge had been made, but for an opportune discovery of a mistake in identification. After the murder of four negroes by lynchers at Palmetto last month, the colored minister there, named Tharpe, dared to criticise the act of the mob. Because of the consequent feeling aroused against him he was sent to Fayetteville, changing places with Strickland. When the mob started in search of Strickland they went to Fayetteville, not knowing of the change of ministers, and captured Tharpe. Placed in irons, he was started on the way to Palmetto, but at a railroad junction he was identified by Dr. Hal Johnson and Represen-

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tative Blalock, and was released. Dr. Johnson says that if Tharpe had been taken to Griffin or Palmetto, it is certain that he would have been lynched. The people of the surrounding counties were on the lookout for Strickland, and, not knowing him, it is believed that they would have taken the word of the mob from Fayetteville that they had the man sought.

A movement has been started to procure from Congress a reduction of postage on authors' manuscripts passing between authors and publishers so that they may be sent as third instead of first-class matter. The bill is coming up at the next Congress. Many influential Senators and Representatives are especially interested in the bill, and will press it to a speedy enactment. If they succeed, authors' manuscripts will be placed on an equality with all other merchandise using the mails. The same manuscript which is now charged letter rates when going to the publisher for the first time can be sent back to the author accompanied by proof-sheets at third-class rates, and again returned to the publisher with the proofs at the lower rate of postage. It is only the first step that costs, yet there is no reason why the first step should be so costly. It would be necessary to provide in the law that nothing but the manuscript proper should be in the package—no directions or private communications of any kind in the nature of a letter—and for this reason the package should be unsealed. In England manuscript goes at third-class rates. It costs in England four cents to send a manuscript that here would cost sixteen cents. It is particularly important that the measure shall have the support of all those who will be benefited by the reduction.

It is to be said of the New York Legislature which adjourned on Friday that if it did not accomplish as much good as it might, it did far less evil than any of its predecessors for many years. Gov. Roosevelt has not had his way in some things which he has urged upon it, but he has succeeded in preventing all legislation which he did not approve. The most conspicuous failure of the session is the defeat of the biennial-sessions amendment, a breach of party pledges to the people which is to be charged entirely to the Platt machine. The failure to pass any radical police legislation was foreseen from the beginning, and is not a subject for lamentation. By all odds, the great achievement of the session is the repeal of the Black "starchless" law, and the enactment in its stead of the most thoroughgoing civil-service reform statute that any State has succeeded in getting. This is a distinct personal triumph for the Governor. Another was in the passage of a bill "appropriating $20,000 for the use of Austen G. Fox and Wallace MacFarlane, counsel designated by the Governor in connection with the investigation of the canal frauds." This records a defeat for Aldridge and Payn and the old canal forces that sought to put an end to the canal inquiry by refusing to have any State money employed in the work. The vigorous announcement by the Governor that if the Legislature refused the money, he would appeal to the public for a popular contribution, or would even pay it out of his own pocket, silenced all opposition. The appropriation was passed without a murmur, the feeling among the canal statesmen being that the less said about it the better.

The powers now conferred upon the State Civil-Service Commission are as great as those exercised by Croker in the administration of his government. The Commissioners virtually have the whole State at their mercy. They prescribe the rules for examinations; and every appointing officer filling a place in the classified service is obliged to make his selections from the eligible list in the order in which the names are placed upon it. He must take the person standing highest first, and proceed in order down the list. If he has only one place to fill, the Commissioners may give him only one name, the highest, and he must accept it. The State Commissioners have full powers of supervision over Municipal Commissioners; may compel them to adopt such rules and regulations as they choose; may, in case a Municipal Commission fails to establish rules as the law requires, compel them to take such rules as they wish; when a Mayor fails to appoint a Municipal Commission, they may appoint in his place; when a Municipal Commissioner fails to perform his duty, they may, by unanimous vote and with written approval of the Governor, remove him from office. They have power also to extend the competitive system to all the counties of the State, and are directed to investigate from time to time the operations of local boards and the acts of public officials generally, with respect to the execution of the law, and in this work they are endowed with all the powers of a legislative committee. This is "starch" in appalling volume.

The Krum bill amending the savings-bank law of the State, as it finally passed the Legislature and received the Governor's signature, permits savings banks to invest in the first-mortgage bonds of any railroad in other States connecting with and controlled by any railroad of this State, on the same conditions as to solvency and dividend-paying that are required in respect of New York railroads. They may invest also in the first-mortgage bonds of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad Company; Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad Company; Michigan Central Railroad Company; Illinois Central Railroad Company; Pennsylvania Railroad Company; Delaware and Hudson Canal Company; Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company; New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company; Boston and Maine Railroad Company; and Maine Central Railroad Company, on similar conditions. Not more than 20 per cent. of the whole amount of deposits of any savings bank can be invested in railroad bonds, and not more than 5 per cent. in the bonds of any one railroad. Street railways in cities are not included in the term railroads within the meaning of the act. This amendment of the law opens a new field to the investments of New York savings banks, without doing violence to the conservative precedents of the State. Yet it is not likely to increase the rate of dividends of those institutions. It may retard the decline in the rate of dividends, and at all events will equalize the New York rate with that of other States which have already allowed investments in the securities named.

The Mazet committee has obtained an extension of its time which will enable it to continue its sessions throughout the year, if it desires to do so, making its final report to the next Legislature on February 1, 1900. The scope of its inquiry has also been enlarged, so that it includes now the "occupation, character, composition, expenses, operation, conduct, and control of any and every department and public office of the city of New York and the counties therein included, and the influences affecting and controlling the officers therein, with full power to prosecute its inquiry in any and every direction in its judgment necessary and proper to enable it to ascertain and report the facts." This certainly affords a sufficiently wide field for a summer's work, and if that work is prosecuted with vigor and fearlessness, a large amount of interesting information should be forthcoming. Curiously enough, the increase in the power of the committee and the enlargement of its field of inquiry are accompanied, both here and at Albany, by a steadily growing suspicion that very little of consequence will be developed henceforth. It is even asserted positively, in some quarters, that our two bosses have reached an agreement that neither of them shall suffer any further annoyance from the committee, no matter who else suffers. Croker sailed away joyfully for Europe on Wednesday week, to live in luxury for the summer on the proceeds of his "private business." Platt sat at a banquet with Gov. Roosevelt and other reputable men and heard the Governor's fervid praise of his magnanimous conduct in consenting to the appointment of a commission to consider the future of the canals of

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the State of New York. Conduct of that kind is always easy to him. It does not cost him a penny of patronage or business to have the future of the canals considered and reported on. The wonder of it is that Gov. Roosevelt should think the act one of such noble public service as to require eulogy.

Dr. Huntington's rejoinder to the clergyman who protested against Prof. Briggs's ordination as a priest of the Episcopal Church is crushing and conclusive. If Prof. Briggs cannot find rest and a welcome within the Episcopal communion, then some of its most distinguished members should leave it at once. One honored and godly scholar more can surely be received without destroying the foundations. We feel bound to say, also, that these nice points of doctrine are most unsuitable for discussion within the Episcopal fold. Its strength does not lie that way. The Presbyterians and Methodists can beat it hollow at that. The growth and popularity of the Episcopal Church in this country have been in no small part due to the belief and the fact that over its doors weary men and women have read the legend, "Leave all theological wranglings behind, ye who enter here." It would be a sad and disturbing event if Prof. Briggs should be the innocent means of carrying a theological storm-centre with him into his new ecclesiastical relations. There is a solemn truth in the protest of the Englishman who said, "Do not say a word to me against the Established Church; it is the only thing which stands between us and true religion." The Episcopal Church in this country has, in like manner, been a grateful barrier to many against the "true religion" which consists of theological hair-splitting and heresy-hunting; and it would be a fatal mistake for it to let those waters of bitterness break through.

Lord Salisbury's agreement with Russia about spheres of influence in China relates only to railway concessions, but may easily lead to a complete understanding on all points at issue. Even as it is, it amounts to a great diplomatic achievement in the interest of peace. Lord Salisbury himself refers to it in his customary guarded tone, but we have only to remember how short a time ago it is since Lord Charles Beresford and all the Jingoes wanted to go to war with Russia over this very dispute, to see how important is a peaceful arrangement putting the differences to sleep. It recognizes Russia's superior interests in Mantchuria just as it does England's in the Yang-tse valley, and so marks one step more in Lord Salisbury's new policy of a friendly understanding with Russia. Of late years he has apparently taken up with the plan of allowing a subordinate to let off steam and split the ears of the groundlings, while he keeps still, but drives on the work of negotiation. Now it is Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, now it is Mr. Chamberlain, who emits a good roar against Russia, or the Ambassador to France who breaks out in undiplomatic warnings to the French Government, but their chief is all the while as dumb as Br'er Rabbit and as bent on his own steadily sought ends. That these are peaceful ends, and that one after another of them has been honorably attained, is a fact enormously to Lord Salisbury's credit; and this latest settlement of his with Russia, coming on the eve of the Peace Congress at The Hague, emphasizes his great contribution towards the maintenance of the world's peace.

Satisfaction is expressed at Washington with the new Anglo-Russian agreement in respect of China, and the opinion is expressed that no commercial detriment will be felt by the United States in consequence of it. This is a very mild statement of the case. It would be quite safe to add that the influence of Great Britain in the Yang-tse valley will, within a few years, open that rich territory to a much larger commerce with the United States than we have ever enjoyed there before, or could enjoy without it, while the influence of Russia, in the region dominated by her, promises a similar although perhaps less decided gain. On the other hand, if the two countries had gone to war in that quarter, our trade with China would have been ruined for the time being, and our trade with Russia itself paralyzed. There is every reason why we should rejoice that this disturbing cloud in the East has disappeared, and with it the greater menace which a prolonged dispute between the two Powers would imply. The question what is meant by "sphere of influence" in China, as regards foreign trade and tariffs, is yet to be answered, but we know beforehand that in English phraseology it means the open door.

Thus far the proceedings of the new Irish County Councils seem to have been fairly respectable. We must remember how long in Ireland the business of the counties was confined to a class of Conservative gentry selected by the high sheriff, in which the Catholics had but little chance of representation; how hopeless it was for the Catholic farmers to expect to have any influence on the grand juries. The hostility existing between these gentry and the Irish people has long been one of the most lamentable phenomena of Irish life. All foreign observers who have discussed Irish affairs, from Arthur Young down—Beaumont, Cavour, though last not least General Gordon—have noticed this with a certain horror. Gordon speaks very strongly about it in a letter printed in his recent Life. For fifty years before Gladstone's Home Rule, one never met an Irish Protestant gentleman abroad who did not give the very same atrocious account of the character of his own Catholic countrymen which the French nobles used to give of their peasantry in the eighteenth century. The Irish would undoubtedly have wreaked the same vengeance on their gentry that the French wreaked on theirs, if England had not stood in the way. It is a little too soon to expect *entente cordiale*. It is curious how soon we get into the way of abusing people we have injured. We are already at it as regards the Filipinos. They have done us no injury except refuse to let us own them, but we already pronounce them fit only for manure for their own fields.

The movement to erect a statue to Oliver Cromwell on his three hundredth anniversary has more behind it than appears at first sight. It has been stimulated greatly by the ritualistic agitation, which is bringing Cromwell forward as the great champion of Puritanism. Celebrations have taken place both in London and in Huntingdon, the 600 Nonconformist Free Church Councils participating. Cromwell's address to the high-church parson in Ely Cathedral is again ringing in people's ears: "Cease your fooling and come down, Sir." Dr. Clifford proclaims, in what we call a "ringing" pamphlet, that "Cromwell gave an impetus to liberty, to free speech, to democratic government, to civilization, to progress, and to religion felt to-day all over the Anglo-Saxon world." Another claim he will have on some of our people is, that he did a good deal of slaughtering of inferior races.

The testimony given by Col. Du Paty de Clam on Monday opens a new chapter in the Dreyfus case, and abundantly confirms the suspicion that this witness and his colleague Esterhazy were the real culprits. Paty de Clam testified that Gen. Gonse told him in 1898 that it was imperative to save Esterhazy at any price, in order to prevent his committal of irreparable acts of suicide or flight; also to avoid diplomatic difficulties, as war, owing to the lack of preparations, would then be disastrous. It does not follow that Gen. Gonse did what this witness testifies, but the witness has established his own character to the public satisfaction, for he acknowledges that he fell in with the suggestion to tell as many lies as were necessary in order to save Esterhazy. This chicanery and deception, he says, was approved also by Gen. Boisdeffre, the chief of the general staff. Very likely, but a new cross-examination of the latter would be a desirable addition to the *enquête* now proceeding.

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THE NEGOTIATIONS AT MANILA.

The telegrams from Manila giving details of the negotiation between Gen. Otis and the Filipino agent, Arguelles, say that the latter persistently declared that the Filipinos must be permitted to retire with honor, but that Gen. Otis is not willing to concede this point, but insists that they shall surrender unconditionally, or without any other guarantee than that of amnesty. The hopeful part of the negotiation is that the Filipinos are ready to retire on some terms, and that peace is now possible. Under such circumstances it would be most deplorable if the war should break out again on a mere question whether the Filipino Congress should be recognized long enough to satisfy its own sense of dignity, and long enough to surrender with the ceremonies it considers due to its honor. A weighty responsibility has been incurred by President McKinley for blood poured out in attempts to subdue a people fighting for liberty, with arms that we had given them for that very purpose. If more blood is to be spilled on a mere point of etiquette, that responsibility will be much heavier than before, and the indignation excited among those who still believe in the principles of the Declaration of Independence will be correspondingly heightened.

Why should we not concede something to the sense of honor of the Filipinos? If they are to be our subjects in permanency (which Heaven forbid), is it not desirable that they should have a sense of honor? If they are to be our subjects for only a few years, and are then to be independent, should not their sense of honor be fostered and encouraged? Will they not be better subjects now, and better friends afterwards, if we recognize their sense of honor and yield to its demands, instead of trampling on it because we are the stronger party? The case before us recalls an incident at the beginning of the Revolutionary war, when Lord Howe refused to recognize the American rebels as belligerents, and accordingly addressed their commander as "George Washington, Esquire." The communication was promptly returned, and the impertinence was not repeated.

There are doubtless those who scout the idea that the Filipinos have, or can have, any sense of honor corresponding to what we understand by that term. Honor, according to this conception, belongs only to people who have reached a certain stage of civilization and education; but this is a grave mistake. It is contradicted by history. Very many instances can be shown where a keener sense and appreciation of honor have been exhibited by savage than by civilized men. Honor does not necessarily grow out of or increase by reason of civilization. It is certain that the sense of honor in the Roman republic was far greater in its infancy than in its maturity and its old age, and that the half-civilized Turks and Arabs in the Middle Ages were often governed by a higher sense of honor than their Christian antagonists. If we have shown any higher sense of honor in the present war than the Filipinos themselves, that fact has not been disclosed by the letters lately published from our soldiers in the field or in any other way.

What the Filipino agent demands in his negotiation with Gen. Otis is that his self-respect and that of his associates shall be preserved, and that the terms of peace shall be such as they can look back to without shame. It would certainly be magnanimous to grant this request. It is something which we can well afford. Every life lost, every drop of blood shed on either side after refusing it, would be wanton sacrifice and waste. We cannot believe that hostilities are to be renewed on so small a margin of difference between the contending forces, especially since the terms of peace cannot be affected in the least to our detriment by the concession demanded. Whatever conditions Gen. Otis can require of Arguelles or of Aguinaldo as individuals, he can require of the Filipino Congress. So he loses nothing material by granting the request. Nor can it be thought that the United States sacrifices any dignity by making the concession. The difference in size and resources between the contending parties is too great. As a full-grown man can afford to concede something to a wayward child, so can we yield to the Filipinos a point which is to us non-essential, but which may make all the difference between peace and the renewal of a war considered by many Americans as unjust and by all as inglorious.

Among the items telegraphed from Manila is a reported interview between President Schurman and Arguelles, in which the latter declared that unconditional surrender would be humiliation. The reply of Mr. Schurman, according to the report, was that

> "There would be no humiliation in Gen. Otis treating our brother Filipinos as Gen. Grant treated our brother Americans at Appomattox."

Very likely this gives an imperfect report of what President Schurman did say, but we cannot avoid pointing out the differences between the two cases brought into comparison. The first discrepancy is that our brother Americans at Appomattox were surrounded, and were destitute of provisions, and had no alternative but to surrender or be killed. The next is that they were really our brother Americans, who had rebelled against a government common to both and to which they owed allegiance. The Filipinos never owed allegiance to us. We encouraged them to rebel against Spain and put arms in their hands for that purpose, and then we bought them from Spain on a bargain-counter, where they were not represented. Did this make them our brothers? Not in the least, nor have we given them any sign or intimation that we intend to treat them as brothers hereafter. We have said to them that we would govern them according to their best interests as we understood them. That is exactly what George III. and his advisers said they would do for us in 1774 and thereabout. But George III. had a better right to say so than we have to repeat his words to the Filipinos. He did not buy the American colonies from a foreign Power after having encouraged them to rebel. They had descended to him by inheritance, and, according to the public law prevailing at that time, he had a right to hold them if he could. In no way have we commended ourselves to the Filipinos in the character of brothers. In no way have we earned the right to address them as such.

SECRETARY LONG'S DEFENCE.

Secretary Long delivered a speech on Monday evening in Boston in which he made an elaborate apology for President McKinley. It was, we think, the very first apology we have had for him from any official source; nearly all other accounts of him given to the public by his subordinates or supporters have been high-flown eulogies of the most extravagant kind, the temper of which has been well caught by Mr. Dooley. That is to say, nearly everybody who made one, owed to him place or favors of some kind, and naturally, for his own sake, put his creator in the very highest rank as a statesman. This, until now, has made the McKinley literature and oratory read like the poems which Oriental poets used in the great days of Mohammedanism to address to the chief of their state, or, to come lower down, like the flattery addressed to Louis XIV. by his courtiers. In civilized states the praise of eminent statesmen has to be what the French call "raisonné"—that is, either comment on well-known facts, like the greatness of Washington or of Pitt, or else an analytical demonstration that a new light has appeared in politics, as has been shown by "the following facts." Greatness is a thing which does not bear simple announcement. The world has to have warning that a new light is about to appear on the horizon. The difficulty in Mr. McKinley's case was that he was not an unknown man. For twenty-five years his countrymen had been painfully taking his measure, and had been able to award him no element of greatness except what flowed from a childlike faith in tariffs. The task of showing that he had suddenly developed capacity beyond the usual measure of middle-aged men in country villages, was a task of no ordinary difficulty, and unhappily until now no one has undertaken it whom the public treated seriously. We have,

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therefore, read Mr. Long's speech with care and interest.

We are sorry that the Secretary sees fit to open his speech with a denial that "there is any purpose anywhere to subjugate or reduce these Philippine islands to vassalage, or make their people slaves, or deprive them of any rights which are enjoyed by the inhabitants of our own Territories at home." We cannot help doubting whether Mr. Long uses language here in the same sense that we do. President McKinley's proclamation of December 21 was one of the plainest proclamations of an intention to "subjugate" we have ever read, and it was accompanied with an invitation to come in and be subjugated. The Century Dictionary's definition of "subjugate" is "to subdue, conquer, compel to submit to the dominion of or control of another." President McKinley announced the "conquest of the islands"; warned all persons who refused to submit to his "lawful rule" that they would be brought within it by "firmness." Over and over again, the resisting inhabitants have been treated as and called "rebels," which implies a design to "subjugate," although they never owed us allegiance. When President McKinley issued this proclamation he had no more right to the islands, no more title to them in law or usage, than he had to Mr. Long's farm in Massachusetts. This fact, which nobody dare deny, ought to be seared into every American brain. Moreover, Gen. Otis has more than once refused to treat with the Filipinos, which no modern general has ever done except with people whom he considered rebels, or meant to conquer and punish for fighting. What was his object, we do not know. And what "inhabitants of our own Territories at home" have ever been compelled to submit by force of arms to a government they were opposed to, except after a deliberate attempt to break up a government under which they had long lived? Who are they, Mr. Long?

In answer to the charge of "cruelty and brutality" as alleged by many eye-witnesses, Mr. Long has nothing better to answer than that President Seth Low and Dr. Lyman Abbott do not believe it. This is the most extraordinary bit of proof, we think, that ever came from any lawyer but a French one, and from him only in the Dreyfus case. Neither President Low nor Dr. Lyman Abbott knows anything about the matter, or professes to do so, more than the first man you meet in the street. The only particle of excuse for calling them as witnesses is that they believe, like the followers of Mahomet, in "holy wars," and dislike to admit that this one has been stained by cruelty or excess. The failure of English writers, whom Mr. Long cites, to comment on these things proves, not that they never occurred, but that the English do not wish to offend us, and want us to keep on conquering, to which they have no objection, and do not see ours.

In fact, Mr. Long has not a word to say in defence of our conduct in the Philippines which would bear five minutes' examination in any court-room, church, or hall. He offers us a string of evasions, irrelevancies, and confessions. One story is worth the whole of it. A Kansas soldier, named Brenner, wrote home a month ago that prisoners were, to his knowledge, shot by order. His letter was published by the *Evening Post* three weeks ago. This the Administration professed to take seriously, and ordered, or said it ordered, an investigation. Three weeks have elapsed, and nothing has come. Now to a commanding officer the investigation of a statement made by a soldier whose name, company, and regiment are known, unless he is on duty at a long distance from headquarters, can hardly last more than two days. Are you Brenner? Did you write this letter? Was it true? Did you see prisoners shot by order? Where was it? Are you aware that President Seth Low and Dr. Lyman Abbott do not believe you? Why is this? Surely two days on the spot would suffice to answer these questions one way or another. Why do we hear no more about it? Why is it drifting away into the *Ewigkeit?* Ah, gentlemen conquerors, don't fancy God has forgotten you. Your case is set down for a hearing, and all your piety and wit won't lure the Moving Finger back to cancel half a line of it; and when the day comes, you will find that it will be bad pleading to cite either the English, or Seth Low, or Lyman Abbott.

QUAY AND THE CONSTITUTION.

The Pennslyvania boss continues to claim a large share of public attention, and is sure to retain this position of prominence until the Senate shall have passed upon his right to a seat in that body, under the temporary appointment of Gov. Stone, pending an election by the Legislature to be chosen in 1900. The question now is as to how the Constitution shall be interpreted in the case of Quay.

In order to prevent any lapse in the representation of a State in the upper branch of Congress, the framers of the Constitution provided that, "if any vacancies happen, by resignation or otherwise, during the recess of the Legislature of any State, the Executive thereof may make temporary appointments until the next meeting of the Legislature, which shall then fill such vacancies." Can it be said that a vacancy "happens" during the recess of the Legislature when a term expired while that body was in session, and it has failed to elect anybody for the new term before its adjournment? Can the Governor, upon such adjournment, make a temporary appointment which should be recognized as valid?

These questions have been discussed over and over again, and settled alternately one way and the other. For over a third of a century after the Government was established in 1789, the practice was to admit a claimant who came with a Governor's certificate given under such conditions. Then, for over half a century from 1825, the opposite rule was pursued, and nobody appointed by an Executive when the Legislature had failed to elect was recognized. In 1879 the Senate went back to the position which had been maintained from 1789 to 1825, but in 1893 it reversed itself again, and in a test case from Montana, involving also similar appointments from Washington and Wyoming, refused to admit a claimant. Last year this position was reasserted so emphatically that everybody supposed the question had been finally settled, fifty Senators voting that the Governor of Oregon had not the right to appoint when the Legislature, having a chance, had not elected, and only nineteen voting to sustain the Executive's action.

But Quay and his friends insist that this precedent will be reversed, and many good judges regard their confidence as not unjustifiable. The question last year was Corbett vs. the Constitution; next winter it will be Quay vs. the Constitution—and it scarcely need be said that these are two very different issues. Quay has this advantage on his side at the start, that two of the best authorities in the Senate on the interpretation of the Constitution, Mr. Hoar of Massachusetts and Mr. Spooner of Wisconsin, maintain the executive right of appointment under such circumstances. Allison of Iowa, Frye of Maine, Hawley of Connecticut, and Lodge of Massachusetts are other prominent Senators committed to the same side in the Corbett case, and able to make a strong defence of their position. A large number of new members will sit in the Senate next winter, and they can find a good excuse for following such able interpreters of the Constitution. Probably not a few of those who voted on the other side last year will be ready to confess that they have seen new light in the interval. One such change is assured at the start in Penrose of Pennsylvania, for it is an amusing circumstance that both Quay and his creature voted against admitting Corbett in 1898.

In the short list on Corbett's side last year, however, was the name of one Senator who represents a class which will be far more potent in deciding the same question next winter than all the Constitutional lawyers. That is Hanna of Ohio. There are plenty of men in the body who, like him, will waste little time over what they consider "hair-splitting," but will vote according to their ideas of party, factional, or personal advantage Platt of New York is one of this class, and there is nothing in the slightest de-

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gree improbable in the story that the New York boss will do his best to seat Quay on condition that Quay will order the Representatives whom he owns to support Platt's candidate for Speaker of the House. Equally easy of credence is the report that the influence of the McKinley Administration will be favorable rather than adverse to Quay, as the controller of a machine which will send the largest delegation but one in the whole country to the Republican national convention in 1900.

Another body of recruits for the Quay side is to be expected from the Democratic membership of the Senate. No other Republican in that body has so many warm friends among the Opposition—as was shown a few weeks ago, when even a Senator of such high character as Mr. Gray advised Democratic members of the Pennsylvania Legislature to give Quay the preference over any other Republican. Quay's strength with the Opposition is due to two facts—that he has put many of his Democratic colleagues under personal obligations, and that he has repeatedly voted with the Democrats on important party questions, notably to defeat the Force bill and to help the free-coinage movement, some years ago. There is no place in the country where the maxim, "One good turn deserves another," counts for more than in the United States Senate.

A general in the United States army, who returned from the Philippines a few months ago an earnest advocate of annexing those islands, met an objection on constitutional grounds with the declaration that "we have outgrown the Constitution." But it is not necessary to abolish or amend the Constitution in order to change our policy. The Senate of one Congress may vote more than two to one that a clause in the instrument means one thing, and yet a majority of the Senate in the next Congress may decide that it means the exact opposite. Quay and his friends believe that this will happen, and there is little in the recent history of the body to discourage their belief that the present Quay interpretation of the Constitution will be accepted.

PROGRESS IN EGYPT.

The recent annual report of Lord Cromer brings up afresh the subject of progress in Egypt—not the progress of arms in the Sudan, but the material and industrial gains of the ancient land of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies, of the Arabs and the Mamelukes. The country is described in the guide-books as being, in point of area, two-thirds the size of Russia in Europe, but in tillable land no larger than little Belgium. This area of tillable land consists of a triangular piece called the Delta, composed of Nile mud, and of a narrow strip or ribbon of similar material on either bank of that stream, varying from ten miles to ten inches in width, plus a few oases of no great size in the Libyan Desert. All else is an undulating expanse of sand and broken stone, as useless for human purposes as the nebula of Orion.

Yet this small strip of nourishing soil has held a great place in the annals of mankind, its most remarkable feature being the vitality of its population under the successive visitations of war, tyranny, oppression, ignorance, and Mohammedanism, which have not infrequently huddled upon its back all at once. It is only a few years since the taxes of the peasantry were an arbitrary sum, collected by the bastinado. Nobody knew how much he had to pay or when he must pay it; nor did he know after he had paid it that he might not be required to pay it again the same year, in labor if not in cash. The corvée was in force at the will of the Government. Any man might be ordered from his own proper work to that of the Khedive on the promise of some small pittance per day, which was never paid. Bad as the Egyptian fellah's lot was in his own mud hut, it was worse when he was called to serve in the army. Once enrolled, he was given up by his family, his friends, and himself for dead. His natural expectation was to fall a victim to the incompetency of his own officers, either in peace or in war, and in this he was seldom disappointed.

The kind of justice he received in camp, or in his own village, was of the common Oriental type. Lepsius, the Prussian Egyptologist, gives us an example which occurred incidentally during his travels there. While at work near the Pyramids, he employed the Sheik of the village of Sakkara to furnish a guard for his camp, notwithstanding which the camp was raided and plundered, the guards running away at the first sign of danger. He reported his loss to the authorities at Cairo, who sent a mudir and a troop of soldiers to investigate. They became pretty well satisfied that the robbery had been committed by a party from another village not far from Sakkara, but could not identify the robbers. So, in order that no guilty man should escape, the mudir ordered that every male adult of this village, including the Sheik, should be subjected to the bastinado. This was done, against the strong remonstrance of Lepsius himself. Then the mudir ordered that all the male adults of Sakkara, including the Sheik, should be bastinadoed because the hired guards had run away, and this was done, against the entreaties of Lepsius. Most of the victims of the punishment fainted under it, and some of them were unable to stand on their feet for weeks afterward. After all the whipping had been finished, the mudir levied a fine on the two villages equal to the value of the property lost, and this was collected under penalty of renewed application of the kurbash. This illustrates the kind of law which prevailed in Egypt, and which continued unchanged until England took charge of the country. We have instanced this case because it occurs in the writings of a well-known and unimpeachable witness.

In spite of arbitrary taxation, in spite of the corvée, the conscription, and the kurbash, the Egyptian fellah of the past lived on, and his posterity are now beginning to save some money and find enjoyment in the world. Taxation is now a fixed sum, the corvée no longer exists, the conscription has been robbed of its terrors, soldiers actually come back to their villages after their term of service expires, and the bastinado is never applied. For the first time in the history of Egypt, which is the oldest history known to men, each person is allowed to have what he earns. The conditions of life are becoming easier in other ways, and public works are going forward which will in a few years add new land to the tillable parts of the Nile valley and make the cultivation of the older parts less laborious. Education is beginning to make its influence felt in the regions adjacent to Assiut, Luxor, and Assuan, as well as in the cities of Cairo and Alexandria. The English language is taught in many of the schools, and in this way the door is opened to the admission of modern science. In this particular the American Presbyterian mission at Assiut, with its branches, had cleared a great deal of ground before the English came in. Its work has been extremely beneficial, and the perseverance of the men and women who have had charge of it cannot be too highly praised.

The question is sometimes asked whether the Egyptians are grateful for what England has done for them, whether they know the source of their betterment, whether they would vote to have English rule continued if they were allowed to decide that question for themselves. It is very doubtful whether the mass of the people, the cultivators of the soil, know that their improved condition is due to a foreign Power, or whether they have intelligence enough to form an opinion on the subject. As Lord Cromer says, there are less than one hundred English officials in the whole country north of the Sudan. The fellaheen have no means of knowing what their government consists of except as they see it and feel it. If they are better off now than they were before, they have no evidence that it is not due to the Khedive, whose nominal authority is still visible to them. All proclamations and decrees and legal instruments run in his name, and it is right that they should. So long as he does not interrupt the work which is binding up the wounds and healing the sores of the ancient land of the Pharaohs, his place as figurehead should not

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be disturbed. He is doing no harm. What he might do if he had more opportunity, it is needless to inquire. He is now a gentleman farmer on a large scale, and he seeks to improve the breed of cattle and to introduce scientific agriculture among the people. This is a useful occupation, and, as long as he adheres to it, he is deserving of praise. The real benefactor of Egypt, however, is Lord Cromer, or rather the country which sent him there and which supplies him with moral and material backing.

THE IRISH LOCAL-GOVERNMENT ELECTIONS.

DUBLIN, April 18, 1899.

The elections under the local-government act have taken place, and the management of county and district affairs, so far as in Ireland conceded by Parliament, has passed from the hands of the classes into those of the masses. The peaceful manner in which this great change has been effected is in the highest degree creditable and encouraging. There was little wirepulling, and, except in Connaught, no general popular organization. Those elected are the choice of the people. The elections to the urban councils took place some weeks ago. They did not very materially alter the constitution of those bodies, which had been, even under the old restricted franchise, mainly in the hands of the people. The elections now decided are those (1) for district councils, principally for the management of poor-relief, and (2) the important ones, those for the government of the counties. Roughly speaking, there are 2,400 urban and district councillors. Some 2,000 of these belong to the Popular party. For the county councils there have been 670 contests—of these, so far as statements have come to hand, 536 have gone Popular and 113 Conservative:

Leinster	222 Popular	22 Conservative
Ulster	96 Popular	80 Conservative
Connaught	81 Popular	2 Conservative
Munster	137 Popular	9 Conservative
	536 Popular	113 Conservative

The proportions as to differences of policy heretofore shown in Ireland are preserved and continued. 80 per cent. of the parliamentary representation has been Popular; 82 per cent. of the urban and district councillors are now Popular. 77 per cent. of the county councillors, and majorities of these last, have been elected by districts representing 70 per cent. of the population and 66 per cent. of the ratable valuation of the country. Every county has returned a Popular representative. In but four (Derry, Antrim, Down, and Armagh) are the Conservatives in a majority. In two (Fermanagh and Tyrone) there is equality between the parties. In the other twenty-six the Popular party is in an overwhelming majority. In no voting district, so far as I can learn, in which the Conservative voters are in a majority has a Popular representative been returned. In many in which the Popular party is in a majority, Conservatives have been returned. In a considerable number of the councils in which the Popular party is in a large majority, and where, naturally, a Popular chairman has been elected, the vice-chair has been given to a Conservative. In some of the northern councils in which the Conservatives held a majority of but one, they have exercised their power in appointing Conservatives to both chairs.

These facts may be considered from different points of view—either that the Popular party is more tolerant, or that it holds more loosely to its supposed main principle, or that it is more amenable to personal considerations, or that in its personnel there is not such a large proportion of men to hold the esteem of the opposite party as there is among the Conservatives. There have been, in districts overwhelmingly Popular, several remarkable Conservative successes, showing rapidly growing forgetfulness of the land agitation: Lord Castlerosse in Kerry; Mc. Murrough Kavanagh in Carlow, Lord Frederick Fitzgerald in Kildare, Lords Emly, Monteagle, and Dunraven in Limerick, the O'Conor Don in the West. Upon the other hand, there have been defeats such as never could take place in England, where the nobility to such a considerable degree have identified themselves with the people. Col. Tottenham, who for twenty years was on the Wicklow Grand Jury, was defeated by a tenant farmer; so was Lord Rosse in King's County, who received but 29 votes to his opponent's 191. The Right Hon. Henry Bruen, a Carlow magnate, was defeated by a tenant farmer. In Meath, Lord Longford received but 66 votes to his opponent's 351; and in Tipperary, Lord Dunally but 4 to his opponent's 195.

Ireland has now, as often before, found herself, in relation to British sentiment, in the position of the Lamb to the Wolf in the fable. She was told that by electing political opponents to representative positions on the new councils, she would show her moderation and conciliate British feeling. She well knew that the adoption of such a course would inevitably be taken as proof that she was indifferent as to her main desires. Upon the whole, the people have acted upon their own opinion and initiative, and have not been unduly influenced by their clergy; but I regret to say it has not been so in every district. In some Catholic constituencies of reputed high intelligence, a tried Home-Ruler or a popular employer of liberal principles, who received ready promises of majorities of votes, and who would undoubtedly have been elected had the people been left to themselves, has been, through the exertions of the clergy, if not by altar denunciation, defeated upon the ground of being Protestant. Cases such as this will throw some hitherto Home-Rule Protestants back into the ranks of the Conservatives, forgetful of the course hitherto pursued by Conservatives when in power, and of what has now been done where they are still in the majority. Were there not now a single Protestant elected to place or appointed to office in all Ireland, it would be a fairer state of things than that which has prevailed. There is, however, no danger whatever of such a deplorable reversion to bigotry. Upon the Council of the South Dublin Union, where the Popular party is in a majority of 48 to 10, a Protestant Conservative vice-chairman has just been elected. Dublin is four-fifths Catholic, 90 per cent. of the 3,500 sick and poor inmates of the Union are Catholic; yet the new Council finds the institution, after its exclusive Protestant management, without a single Catholic doctor, apothecary, collector, relieving officer, or other principal official. It is well to remember that these denominational divisions with which Ireland is so cursed are divisions not so much dogmatic as they are the product of the social and family divisions brought about by dogma. Persons of the several persuasions are educated separately, brought up separately, marry separately, mix in separate social circles. They are best acquainted with the qualifications and dispositions of their associates, and naturally prefer them for places of trust and emolument. The attempt in other countries, where religious differences have not as yet developed such baneful results as in Ireland, to induce homogeneity through united education is natural and laudable.

As to the conduct of business by these new councils, allowance must be made for the degree to which the country has hitherto been unpractised in the arts of responsible self-government. We need, however, have little fear as to the results. Expenditure is more likely to be unwisely limited than extravagant. It is satisfactory that a considerable number of women have been elected on the district councils.

The result of the elections has been hailed as an overwhelming proof of the strength of Home-Rule feeling in Ireland. I cannot altogether take the same favorable view of the situation. The majority professing Home Rule profess also every other popular shibboleth. Many opponents of Home Rule have been elected by Popular constituencies. I am not aware that one opponent of a Catholic University, or the erection of cheap cottages at the public expense, has been so returned. Judging by the tests ordinarily applied in such cases, we cannot say much for the strength or solidity of Home-Rule principles. Direct organization with that object in view is for the present at an end. Popular papers, once full of the subject, now unceasingly devote their space to "sport" and ecclesiastical affairs. There is no public opinion to compel an effective attendance or united action of the Nationalist members in Parliament. There appears none to keep straight so-called representatives of Nationality at home. A few days ago the Parnellite Lord Mayor of Dublin did what none of his predecessors has attempted for twenty years—he lunched at the Castle with the Lord Lieutenant; and no protest has been heard. Accounts recently published show that Ireland at home and abroad within the last year contributed but £1,818 to keep the cause going in Parliament—much less than is often contributed in a few days for some special ecclesiastical purpose. It may be that Ireland is so settled in her convictions, so conscious of painful sacrifices made in the past and of the difficulties before her, that she purposes for the future pursuing her aim by easy paths alone; waiting rather for the apple to fall into her lap than risking time and energy in reaching after it. If the desire for Home Rule subsists to the same extent as formerly, some such reasons as this can alone explain the present position of the movement.

In any case a fatal blow has been struck at the old ascendancy. Protestants, once the masters, will, unless they come to throw themselves into the general national life of the country, fall into the position we are told they largely occupy in the Province of Quebec, where they carry on much of the trade of the country, are entirely respected, but are largely shut out from patronage and pay—their ambitious youth finding careers in Great Britain, India, and the colonies. Protestants have now lost most of what they

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might have lost under Home Rule. They may yet come to realize that in a Local Assembly for Irish affairs containing a certain nucleus of Protestant members from Ulster, and feeling themselves Irish, they would really have more hold upon the country than through the collective management of local affairs by the Imperial Parliament. D. B.

TURNER AT THE GUILDHALL.

LONDON, April 14, 1899.

It is the fashion in London to find fault with the City. To the County Council, no doubt, it is a convenience to have another municipal body to distract criticism from its own performances; and so a great deal is heard of the iniquities of the Corporation of London, and very little of its virtues. And yet it has its virtues, and many of them, as it would be easy to point out, were I not to-day concerned especially with one alone, the very recent virtue—dating back but to 1890—of giving excellent picture exhibitions in the Guildhall. These, to be sure, have not been beyond reproach—that would be asking too much of any corporation whose attentions to art spring solely from a sense of duty; but they have always been interesting, and sometimes important; never more so than this year, when the Guildhall gallery has been filled with, unquestionably, the largest and most complete collection of Turners ever yet seen outside the National Gallery. Some of these very pictures have been hung in the Academy's shows of Old Masters; many similar water-colors, if not the same, have found a place in the yearly exhibition at Messrs. Agnew's Bond Street gallery; but never, to my knowledge—except in Turner's own collection—have such a number been got together, and never, anywhere, have they been so well arranged. For the chronological order one felt would add so much to the Rembrandts at the Academy and in Amsterdam, has here been observed. Pictures and drawings are grouped according to dates and periods—an enormous aid in the study of Turner; and Mr. A. G. Temple, Director of the Guildhall Library and Gallery, has compiled a most thorough catalogue, giving all possible information and every appropriate quotation from Ruskin.

In saying this I have explained, what everybody knows perfectly well nowadays, that Turner cannot be mentioned, or his work considered, without an immediate reference to Ruskin. In fact, it is very much a question whether most people, when they look at a Turner, do not see, not what really is in it, but rather all that Ruskin's eloquence has made them believe ought to be in it. I do not want to be misunderstood: I have no intention of belittling Turner. He was a great artist, and neither excessive praise nor prejudiced abuse can alter this indisputable fact. But I do think there is danger of the real Turner being lost sight of in the widespread worship of Ruskin's Turner. A superstition has grown up about the very name of Turner; it has become a fetish among English artists, even more so among English art critics—a name to conjure with. Never has there been—probably never will there be again—such an instance of a man being "boomed" into a sort of a demigod. The term very likely is vulgar, but it fits; it was Ruskin's incessant "booming," joined to Turner's ingenious "booming" of himself, that induced a public, naturally indifferent to art, to bow down before Turner and accept him as the one genius of all time. The Guildhall show is of more than usual importance, because it will force Turner's admirers to look at his pictures, and, moreover, at many of them hung together, when the merits and defects of his work reveal themselves more unmistakably than in one or two seen separately. It may be suggested that there has always been as admirable an opportunity at the National Gallery, which is true; only the public that cares for Turner has long had the collection there by heart. But the Guildhall collection is not known as familiarly, and it seems to me impossible that any one could examine attentively each painting or drawing in turn, and, face to face with it, refer to the catalogue for Ruskin's pronouncement, without forming for himself a more dispassionate judgment than ever before. The conclusion of this study will not be, I am afraid, altogether in accord with the old pleasant superstition.

The arrangement being chronological, it is easy to follow the stages of development through which Turner passed. There is no use in adhering scrupulously to the Five Periods under which his biographers have grouped his work; a classification almost too elaborate for the present purpose. But, as you go into the Guildhall Gallery, a glance shows you that on the left-hand wall are the pictures belonging to the days when he still conformed to the old conventions, infusing into them new life by the strength of his own genius; that in front are the canvases painted when he had not yet thrown over the old formula, though he was already seeking a new one; while to the right are the brilliant, almost blazing experiments in which the final step had been taken and he was grappling with problems that hitherto had not appealed to the painter (and I need not add that it is these last his worshippers have usually ranked as his masterpieces). There is not space, even if it were necessary, to describe the thirty-eight pictures separately and in detail. One or two in each group can be taken as fairly typical.

To begin with, there is a most beautiful example of his early manner in the "Kilgarran Castle," painted in 1797, of which there are two versions, the finer being the property of Lord Armstrong. The River Teifi forces its way between the steep hills that rise on either side the canvas. On the top of one, towering above the deep chasm, are the ruins of the Castle. The light is cool and gray; the hills are dark and shadowy. The whole composition has the serenity, the breadth, and gives you the sense of completeness, of some of the landscapes of the French Romanticists. As you look, the detail gradually grows out of the shadows; you see the little village on the lower heights beyond, you see the bathers in the sombre river; but never do these things obtrude themselves—they belong as absolutely to the harmony as do the nymphs or peasants in Corot's glades and on his hillside. The color, I should imagine, has lost nothing; the conventions may be old, but the painter has made them something new, even as the poet does when he sings an ancient, threadbare theme; and the picture, you feel instinctively, will always remain one of the world's masterpieces, solemn, dignified, impressive. Within the next nine or ten years he had painted the seas that hang on the same wall, none more wonderful than the large "Boats Carrying out Anchors and Cables to Dutch Men-of-War in 1665," with a great wave rolling mountain high across the canvas, and the little boat wallowing in its depths, the men in it pulling, with every muscle strained, towards the marvellously drawn ships, while above, like a mighty curtain rent asunder, the black cloud-masses break to show the clear sky behind. The truths Ruskin insists upon your finding in Turner—though the absence of a Ruskin quotation in the Catalogue suggests that this is not one of the canvases to which he would have sent you in search of them—are all here: truth of drawing, truth of action, truth of sea and sky, of light and atmosphere. But they never disturb the unity, the *ensemble*, as the French term it, of the picture. And it is the same with the other seas, with the other landscapes of his early years. They have the completeness and the perfect serenity that always distinguish the really great work of art. They are dark canvases, almost tragic in their solemnity, but always full of grandeur, dignity, repose.

Later came the pictures represented by a little group hung together at the end of the gallery, in which you must be struck by the signs of the coming change. They mark the transition stage. Color is less conventional, there is a more realistic study of light. The painter has not yet dared the fantastic experiments that were soon to absorb him, but he is less influenced by Claude and the masters to whom, at first, he gave his allegiance. Perhaps there could be no more typical example than the "Barnes Terrace" and "Mortlake," well known by reputation, and both here. They are beautiful renderings of the Thames seen from a riverside garden. There is the same tranquillity, the same repose, but the light is warmer, more glowing; and in the "Barnes," at least, with that famous black-paper dog still stuck on the parapet where it was put in order to throw back the distance, we have the beginning of the wholesale sacrifice of more durable qualities to the immediate obtaining of his effect that was to be the ruin of Turner's later work. The "Barnes" and "Mortlake" are more in sympathy with the "Kilgarran Castles" and the majestic seas. But still the light that floods them prepares us for the brilliant, dazzling, bewildering illumination of the "Ehrenbreitstein," the "Giudecca," the "Marriage of the Adriatic," from which, at the Guildhall, only a narrow stairway separates them. In time there is an interval of ten or twelve years between.

And now you find yourself in front of the pictures supposed to characterize the full and perfect development of Turner's genius; pictures in which you are expected to see the real Turner, finally freed from the traditions and conventions of the schools. Because, in them, for the first time his individuality had full play, they have been accepted by the authorities as his most perfect work. Let me be candid. To confront the few that have been brought together at the Guildhall is to experience a moment of entire disillusionment. Crude color offends the eye; garish, glaring light hurts it; and everywhere are the endless, tedious, and irrelevant details that confuse and tire it. And there are still more serious defects. In the "Ehrenbreitstein,"

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half-a-dozen pictures are crowded into one composition; and, lovely as are the different parts, the little blue, hazy town floating, dream-like, on the blue river, the castle perched on the great rose-flushed cliffs —they are quite disconnected, almost conflicting. The foreground of the "Marriage of the Adriatic" is crowded with carefully worked-out little figures, and full of enough incident and story to keep the British patron of anecdote busy for a year, while the perspective of the palaces lining the long stretch of canal is simply childish. In the "Mercury and Argus," in which Ruskin was for ever, according to his temper at the time, discovering new series of truths, are trees that would disgrace an Academician; water of a cold, hard blue wholly out of relation to the color scheme, and such a spotting and dotting of the grassy slope with cattle that all feeling of rest is gone. One of the best of these late pictures, "The Wreck Buoy," a lovely arrangement of ships and sails and a double rainbow, has in the foreground two buoys lit from within in some inexplicable fashion, with legible lettering on each, that positively will not let you see the picture as a whole. You look at that other wonderful sea that faces it, its simplicity undisturbed by such an unworthy catering to an inartistic public, and you cannot but question whether Turner did not lose, rather than gain, by giving the reins to his individuality.

This is the result of a first glance, and perhaps I ought to explain that there is nothing here that can quite compare with the "Fighting *Téméraire*" and the "Rain, Steam, and Speed" in the National Gallery. But, as I heard an artist say the other day, there is no believing the painter of the "Kilgarran Castle" could degenerate into a mere "rotter" —there must have been an artistic intention in these pictures, though to many of us now they have become incomprehensible. And, indeed, after the first shock of disappointment, you examine them more closely, and you begin to understand that much of the original color has vanished, faded, or changed hopelessly, and that it may have been as splendid as Ruskin thought it, though now it is a matter of speculation, not of fact. Then you walk to the opposite side of the room, and the details disappear in the beauty of line and composition; the perspective somehow becomes right, and the restless and elaborated canvases resolve themselves into the beautiful impressions Turner doubtless intended to record. But, if he did, why overload them with cheap and irritating detail? you wonder. And when Ruskin spoke of the truth contained in them, what did he mean—the truth of the detail or the truth of the impression? And if the latter, must it not have occurred even to him that in this case the detail was superfluous? However, if we forget Ruskin, if we forget the place apart long since appointed to Turner, the reason of his failure dawns upon us—a more fundamental reason than his mistaken use of fugitive colors. Engrossed as he was with the problems of light which the modern student of sunshine thinks so essentially his own, Turner could not altogether emancipate himself from the old classical formula of composition, nor could he, the thrifty son of a miserly father, remain indifferent to popular taste. The modern *plein-airiste*, or whatever he may call himself, wants to show the effect of light; the objects in the landscape upon which it happens to shine are of minor importance—a haystack answers as well as a cathedral. But Turner attempted to combine the same study with a stately classical design and the detailed telling of a story which is what the honest Briton has always prized above all else in a picture. Confusion was bound to ensue from his venture to reconcile the irreconcilable. It was only now and then, when he was carried away by the problem he had set himself, when he fell under the spell of lovely light and color, until every side issue was subordinated, that he succeeded triumphantly, as in "The Rape of Europa," now at the Guildhall; a dream of soft, golden, flame-tinged mist, through which the sea slowly discloses itself, a wide stretch of vague blue, with a dimly seen figure moving across it. Fine experiments many of the later pictures are, but, if I except this one and a very few others that I have seen, it is only the experiment, and not Ruskin's absolute truth, you discover in them. They have not the calm, the dignity, the supreme distinction of the "Kilgarran Castle" or the "Mortlake."

And so it is with the water-colors. The most satisfactory in the collection are two charming sketches on gray paper of Bonneville, dated 1800-10, but by no means the "insuperable" examples of Turner's "grandest manner" that Ruskin calls them; nor can you agree with him that "mountains, properly speaking, never had been drawn before at all, and will probably never be drawn so well again." In the later notes and impressions, as in the later paintings, the exaggeration of detail offends. But, though the "Splügen Pass," which Ruskin says he saw in a moment was the noblest Alpine drawing Turner ever made, and the "Red Righi," which he thought such a piece of color as had never come in his way before, are included, there are no such perfect, such suggestive studies and sketches as those little drawings in the cellar of the National Gallery which are nothing more than simple, broad washes of color. Many of the *Liber* prints are also shown; for the collection, as I have already said, is delightfully complete and representative.

Its chief interest, however, must be found in the help it gives in an unprejudiced study of an artist who has been overpraised and overestimated. If we can only shut our ears for awhile to the music of Ruskin's eloquence, and our eyes to the glamour of the Turner room at the National Gallery, of Turner's ambitious pitting of his own landscapes against Claude's in that other room, of the Turner bequests at the Royal Academy, and of all Turner's honestly meant glorification of himself; if we can shake off the Turner tradition and not be frightened by the Turner fetish, we may begin to see the real Turner—a great, a very great painter, but no greater than, if as great as, Claude and Constable and Corot; a brilliant experimentalist whose vagaries and fantastic flights would have led to destruction in a lesser man; a master of line and composition, one of the most accomplished water-colorists that have ever lived. N. N.

Correspondence.

BURKE ON THE PHILIPPINE WAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I enclose extracts from Burke's noble letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol, 1777. I have seen no comment on this present situation in the Philippines which covers actual conditions more closely than this ancient analysis.—Faithfully yours, VAGO.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 21, 1899.

"If there be one fact in the world perfectly clear, it is this, 'That the disposition of the people of America is wholly averse to any other than a free government'; and this is indication enough, to any honest statesman, how he ought to adapt whatever power he finds in his hands to their case. If any ask me what a free government is, I answer that, for any practical purpose, it is what the people think so; and that they, and not I, are the natural, lawful, and competent judges of this matter. . . .

"But whether liberty be advantageous or not (for I know it is a fashion to decry the very principle), none will dispute that peace is a blessing; and peace must, in the course of human affairs, be frequently bought by some indulgence and toleration at least to liberty. . . . .

"Liberty is in danger of being made unpopular to Englishmen. Contending for an imaginary power, we begin to acquire the spirit of domination, and to lose the relish of honest equality. . . .

"If we should be expelled from America, the delusion of the partisans of military government might still continue. They might still feed their imaginations with the possible good consequences which might have attended success. Nobody could prove the contrary by facts. But in case the sword should do all that the sword can do, the success of their arms and the defeat of their policy will be one and the same thing. You will never see any revenue from America. Some increase of the means of corruption, without ease of the public burdens, is the very best that can happen. Is it for this that we are at war; and in such a war?

"But America is not subdued. Not one unattacked village which was originally adverse throughout that vast continent, has yet submitted from love or terror. You have the ground you encamp on; and you have no more. The cantonments of your troops and your dominions are exactly of the same extent. You spread devastation, but you do not enlarge the sphere of authority. . . .

"A conscientious man would be cautious how he dealt in blood. He would feel some apprehension at being called to a tremendous account for engaging in so deep a play, without any sort of knowledge of the game. It is no excuse for presumptuous ignorance that it is directed by insolent passion. The poorest being that crawls on earth, contending to save itself from injustice and oppression, is an object respectable in the eyes of God and man. But I cannot conceive any existence under heaven (which, in the depths of its wisdom, tolerates all sorts of things) that is more truly disgusting than an impotent, helpless creature, without civil wisdom or military skill, without a consciousness of any other qualification for power but his servility to it, bloated with pride and arrogance, calling for battles which he is not to fight, contending for a violent dominion which he can never exercise, and satisfied to be himself mean and miserable in order to render others contemptible and wretched. . . .

"I know it is said that your kindness is only alienated on account of their resistance; and therefore if the colonies surrender at discretion, all sort of regard, and even much indulgence, is meant towards them in future. But can those who are partisans for continuing a war to enforce such a surrender, be responsible (after all that has passed) for such a future use of a power that is bound by no compacts and restrained by no terror? Will they tell us what they call indulgences? Do they not at this instant call the present war and all its horrors a lenient and merciful proceeding?

"No conqueror that I ever heard of has *professed* to make a cruel, harsh, and insolent use

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of his conquest. No! The man of the most declared pride scarcely dares to trust his own heart with this dreadful secret of ambition. But it will appear in its time; and no man who professes to reduce another to the insolent mercy of a foreign arm ever had any sort of good will towards him. The profession of kindness with that sword in his hand, and that demand of surrender, is one of the most provoking acts of his hostility."

THE WASHINGTON-BRODHURST CONNECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have found another item of interest in the Washington ancestry, in the form of two letters from a descendant of the first marriage of Anne Pope, the wife of John Washington the immigrant.

Of this (Brodhurst) connection, little is known. The Virginia land records show a grant of 500 acres in Northumberland County to Walter Brodhurst, in 1650, probably the year of his arrival. Another grant, of 300 acres, was made in December, 1662, to his son Walter, and on the same date, 500 acres, "near the land of Nath'l Pope," were given to Gerrard, who was another son, as these letters show. The first Walter married Pope's daughter, Anne, and died between 1656 and 1658. His will was proved in England in 1658. A Walter Brodhurst, in May, 1658, witnessed the will of Henry Peyton, of Acquia, Westmoreland County, and Hugh Brodhurst was associated with him. The witness to Peyton's will cannot have been the son of Walter and Anne, who is said to have left America at a later period only nine years of age. In May, 1659, Anne, as Mrs. Washington, received a gift of land from her father, Nathaniel Pope; and in September of the same year was concerned in a lawsuit, as Anne Brodhurst, the "relict and administratrix of Walter Brodhurst." If Walter was living in May, 1658, and his widow was Mrs. Washington in May, 1659, no time was lost in unnecessary grief for the dead. It may be noted that John Washington was preparing for the baptism of his young son in September, 1659. Anne Brodhurst is described as a "young widow," which is doubtless true, as her husband was about thirty-six years of age in 1655. The interest in these letters lies in the history of the children of Walter and Anne; they fully establish the fact that Walter and Gerrard were brothers, and so stepsons of John Washington. Col. Chester found at Lichfield a record, dated April 12, 1678, of letters granted to Walter Brodhurst, to "administer on the goods of Anne Washington, alias Brodhurst, late of Washington Parish, in ye County of Westm'land, in ye countrey of Virginia."

A note may be added on the marriages of John Washington, the immigrant. He had married in England, and his wife and two children accompanied him to Virginia, where they died. The tradition is that he came to America in 1657. If he married Anne (Pope) Brodhurst in 1659, his wife and two children had died in the meantime. This second wife is believed to have died in 1675 or 1676. She was certainly living when her husband made his will in September, 1675; and her son, Walter Brodhurst, could obtain testamentary letters in England in 1678. The record cited by Lyon G. Tyler points to the earlier year as that of her death, for he found a marriage contract between Col. John Washington and Frances Appleton, dated May 10, 1676. The curious feature is that Frances was taking a husband for the third time, just as Washington was taking his third wife. She was the daughter of Dr. Thomas Gerrard, and had married in 1660 Valentine Peyton. On his death, in 1665, she had appointed her "trusty and well beloved friend, Major John Washington," her attorney. In 1670 she became the wife of Capt. John Appleton, a witness to John Washington's will, who died between the making and the proving of that will, certainly after September, 1675. Yet, in May, 1676, she is about to make her third venture in matrimony, and her husband that is to be will take her as his third venture. Truly, these much-married colonists are very confusing and confused persons.

WORTHINGTON C. FORD.

BOSTON, April 25, 1899.

ADDENBROOKE TO GEORGE WASHINGTON.

SIR I have been Informed by my Mother and by some papers in my custody find that my Grandfathers Mother a young Widdow her name Broadhurst, married a Gentleman called Collonel Washinton of Virginia, one of your Ancestors, if so I have the Honour of being a ralation to you, which makes me take the Liberty to Trouble you with an Enquiry after an Estate which belonged to my Grandfather, and an Estate left my Mother and her sisters by their Unkle Gerrard Broadhurst. After the Death of my Grandfather the Daughters sent one Penson to Virginia to manage their Affairs, and imprudently trusted him with their Writeings. He for some years made them regular remittances Afterwards took no Notice of their Affairs, by what I can learn kept possession as his Own, as the Estate I believe Joyns to yours shall take it as the Greatest favour you woud inform me of the Situation of the Estate and Pensons heirs, and if you think the Estate is recoverable I am the only representative of the Family of Broadhurst, my Grandfather, left Virginia at the age of 9 years to take Possession of some Effects left him by an Unkle in Shropshire in England. As I am unacquainted with any body in Virginia, beg you will excuse the Trouble I give you in this Affair. the favor of an Answer to this will be gratefully acknowledged by Sir your most obedient Humble Servt to Comd THOS. ADDENBROOKE.

At Coalbrookdale near Shiffnall in Shropshire, England, 16 December, 1771.

ADDENBROOKE TO GEORGE WASHINGTON.

SIR In December 1771 I took the liberty to write to you requesting the Favour of you to Enquire after an Estate in Virginia that I had a right to. Not being favour'd with your Answer makes me imagine my letter miscarried.

By some papers in my Custody I find my Great Grandfather (by my mothers side) Walter Broadhurst left a Widdow who married Mr John Washington of Westmoreland County. I suppose an Ancestor of yours by which I have the Honour of being related to you. My Grandfather came to England very young left a brother whose name was Gerrard Broadhurst, at Virginia, who died after a short illness at the House of Mr Lawrence Washington in Christmas 1677, and left all his real and personal Estates to my Grandfathers children of whom I am the only desendant. His plantations were situated at Nemanie [Nomony?] in the County of Westmoreland. He left Mr Nicholas Spencer and Mr. Washington Trustees for my Grandfathers Children. Upon the Death of my Grandfather my Mother and her sisters sent one Penson to manage the Plantation and very imprudently trusted him with their papers. Penson made remittances for some time, but for a great many years past took no Notice of them but possessed himself of the Estate and as I am informd his son now enjoys it.—I shall think myself greatly obliged if you will favour me with a line, if you think the Estate is recoverable or not, what may be the Value, and if it would answer for me to come over. I am told that According to your Laws no time takes away my right. I hope you will excuse the Freedom I take in giveing you this trouble, but presuming that you are a relation occasioned me takeing this freedom, and I hope you will favour me with an answer as soon as convenient. Directed to Sir your very Humble Servt to Comd THOS. ADDENBROOKE.

26 July, 1773.

Notes.

Mr. T. W. Higginson's books (school-books excepted) have been acquired of Messrs. Longman by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., who are preparing a definitive edition. In advance of this will appear a new volume, uniform with 'Cheerful Yesterdays,' entitled 'Contemporaries,' and consisting of personal sketches of distinguished Americans written for various periodicals.

Frederick Warne & Co. will shortly publish 'The Romance of Wild Flowers,' by Edward Step, with profuse illustrations, first of a series entitled "The Library of Natural History Romance"; and a popular reissue of Anne Pratt's 'Flowering Plants, Ferns, Sedges, and Grasses of Great Britain,' edited by Mr. Step.

R. H. Russell has nearly ready 'Eden vs. Whistler: The Baronet and the Butterfly,' by J. McNeill Whistler; and an English version of Hauptmann's 'Die Versunkene Glocke,' by Charles Henry Meltzer, in rhyme and blank verse.

A volume of interesting descriptions of Rhode Island, Providence, and Newport, from 1636 to 1836, has been compiled by Miss Gertrude Selwyn Kimball, and, if sufficient encouragement be given, will be published by Preston & Rounds Co., Providence, at $2.50, in a limited edition.

With 'Reprinted Pieces' the "Gadshill Edition" of Dickens comes to an end (London: Chapman & Hall; New York: Scribners), and Mr. Andrew Lang makes his editorial bow in a General Essay on the Works of Charles Dickens. The judgment will, we believe, stand, and it is sufficiently critical to warrant the editor in wondering how he ever came to get the job. His various prefaces have furnished ground for such wonderment in his readers. He has, he says, "played the Devil's Advocate . . . *contre cœur*, and from an odd sense of duty which seemed [in view of our general debt to Dickens] half undutiful." And so ends a liberally, almost elegantly, printed edition, rather too bulky, whose excuse for being turns out to be an apology.

No apology is needed for the "Centenary Edition" of Carlyle marketed by the same American firm, and as cheap as it is beautiful in appearance. It is now extended by two volumes of the 'Wilhelm Meister' translation. Two volumes also are given to 'Shirley' in Downey & Co.'s reissue of the novels of the Brontë sisters (Scribners), handsome and bold of letter, if again, like the Dickens, somewhat too plump for perfect beauty or handiness.

The Dent-Macmillan "Temple Edition" of Scott's novels pursues its charming and companionable way with 'Redgauntlet' and 'St. Ronan's Well,' each in two dainty volumes.

Reasons for anonymity are an author's "private business," in the Croker slang of

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the day, but it is curious that the editorship of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s 'Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe' should have been concealed for twenty-seven years by Dr. W. J. Rolfe, the Shaksperian scholar and editor. His name now first appears in the issue for 1899.

It was inevitable that Lady Burton's monument to her husband, 'The Life of Sir Richard F. Burton,' should, if attempted in a popular edition, be razeed. This has now been done by the competent hand of Mrs. W. H. Wilkins, the biographer in turn of Lady Burton. Omission of the appendices and other irrelevant matter reduces the work to a single presentable octavo volume of 548 pages, with illustrations. Mrs. Wilkins tells, in her interesting preface, of Burton's intention to publish, from his candid diaries, a 'Confessions,' which we may suppose would have rivalled Rousseau's in frankness. Lady Burton took care that nobody else should construct it out of his literary remains.

Five years ago we briefly noticed Mr. Samuel H. Church's conscientious but hardly inspired 'Oliver Cromwell' (Putnams). That the work has supplied a want would appear to be evidenced by its having passed to a third edition, in the preface to which the author notices the unsuccessful introduction of a monument bill in Parliament immediately consequent upon the publication of his reproach to England that it had no official monument to the Protector. Now he issues a rather sumptuous "Commemoration Edition" in celebration of the fact of the acceptance by Lord Salisbury's Government, and the placing "in one of the corridors of the Palace of Westminster," of Bernini's bust from life of Cromwell. A plate showing this interesting effigy is one of the several which go to make up the adornment of the present issue (limited, by the way, to 600 numbered and signed copies), and include the likeness of Mr. Church himself.

The beautiful quarto volume numbered fourteen in the series of Filson Club Publications (Louisville, Ky.: John P. Morton & Co.) deals in two parts with 'The Clay Family.' The respective authors are the Hon. Zachary F. Smith for "The Mother of Henry Clay" (Elizabeth Hudson), and Mrs. Mary Rogers Clay for the general genealogy. Not much has been achieved in elucidating the English connection, but a great body of individual biographies has been brought together, and the effort was certainly worth while. At the same time, it is to be regretted that Mrs. Clay, who edits the *Courier-Journal's* genealogical column, was not more familiar with the best mode of exhibiting pedigrees in print. There is not even a chart for Henry Clay. It is disquieting, too, to find a lax method as exemplified in No. 97, whose birth-date is given on first mention (under issue), p. 106, but not with the separate sketch, p. 153; or, vice versa (a very common negligence), in the case of No. 159. More serious are fatal inconsistencies like these: p. 105, John Clay was born February 13, 1800, but p. 148, February 15, 1800; p. 116, Green Clay Smith was born July 10, 1827, but p. 168, July 2, 1832. The catholic treatment of the Clay family is noticeable; the pseudo-abolitionism of Henry Clay, the eccentric but genuine abolitionism of Cassius M. Clay, gallant Federals and gallant Confederates, all come in for praise; and (shades of Henry Clay and Elizabeth Hudson!) Miss Laura Clay, daughter of Cassius M. Clay, is eulogized as the leader of woman suffragists in Kentucky. The volume contains numerous valuable portraits, including one (thought to be unpublished) of Henry Clay.

Charles Battell Loomis's 'Just Rhymes' (R. H. Russell) has been gathered up in a thin volume from the numerous periodicals in which the original verse and the parody have already fulfilled a cheerful mission. The best are very good, but not better than the "Dedication to the Author" in laughable prose. Miss Cory's illustrations, also in many veins, are level with the text in humor, and now and again (as in the vignette to "Lullaby à la mode") noticeably graceful and decorative.

Kelly's Directory of the Merchants, Manufacturers, and Shippers of the United Kingdom, and Guide to the Export and Import Shipping and Manufacturing Industries of the World' (London; and New York, 5 Beekman Street) reaches its thirteenth edition in a portly volume of nearly 3,500 pages. The obvious functions displayed in the title it discharges generously, but it also contains, for the respective countries, ports, and cities of the earth, condensed commercial statistics, including tariffs. It is significant of the contrast between a country that seeks the world's trade and one that has hitherto affixed odium to international exchange, that while Great Britain's tariff fills only one page in large type, that of the United States fills fourteen in fine type. A Foreign Office circular touching the regulations to which foreign commercial travellers are subjected in European countries (p. ix) shows that no restrictions prevail in Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, France, Greece, Italy, Portugal, Russia, and Turkey. The Scandinavian countries, on the other hand, are very stringent and exacting. The editor notices that the rubber supply keeps pace with the demands of wheelmen and tire-makers, and that the West Coast of Africa, with a capacity for unlimited production, increased its export from £671 in 1893 to £252,065 in 1897. A subsidiary use of this valuable Directory is in its geographical index as a gazetteer, and its bilingual indexes of trades and professions for convenience in translation.

'A Manual of English Pronunciation and Grammar for the Use of Dutch Students,' by J. H. A. Günther (Groningen), is in manner and matter an altogether excellent book. As its title indicates, it is written in English, and it presupposes on the part of its user at the outset a good knowledge of the language. The first part, on pronunciation, is based on Sweet and other recent material, all most clearly and intelligently presented, with an abundance of illustration and an entire absence of the hieratic symbols that make too many phonetic works not only caviare to the general, but a weariness of flesh even to the special. The values here are English and do not, accordingly, along well-known lines, always correspond with American usage. The second part of the book, containing forms and syntax, is, like the first part, a model of its kind. The author's purpose, as he states it in his preface, is to write a grammar of the language of to-day. His syntax is thus a record of what actually is and not at all of what ideally should be. The illustrations in the majority of cases are drawn from the most recent writers: Anthony Hope, Marion Crawford, Stanley Weyman, Andrew Lang, Robert Louis Stevenson, Augustine Birrell, Conan Doyle, Rider Haggard, John Oliver Hobbes, and many more of their day and generation, with not an Ollendorffian dummy among them. The hundreds of exemplifications of literary usage in this part of the book give a picture of the language as it is written at the end of the century that is not surpassed by any late work of the kind in England or America. The book, in point of fact, would be a valuable one in the hands of any student of English at home or abroad, since, aside from the few citations of Dutch values in phonology and syntax for the purpose of elucidation, there is nothing in it except the sub-title to indicate that it is not intended generally for English-speaking people. From beginning to end, finally, the manual breathes the whole fresh spirit of modern language-study which so conclusively shows the permanent passing of the *Sprachmeister*.

A rather remarkable educational experiment came to an untimely end in Brussels recently. The democratic university founded in that city some years ago is no more. About half a decade ago, when the free University of Brussels, which is controlled by the Moderate Liberals, refused to elect the Paris geographer Élisée Reclus as a member of the faculty on account of his anarchistic propensities, the radical and socialistic element among the students arose in protest against this attack on the freedom of scientific research. The agitation ended in the establishment of a radical university in Brussels, which was especially favored by a certain coterie of younger scholars. Wealthy men of radical and socialistic tendencies furnished the financial wherewithal, and the new university called men to its chairs from many lands, without any reference to political or religious views. The moderate liberals and the clericals fought it from the outset, and the political authorities practically did the same. The Government denied to the "Université Nouvelle" the right to grant academic degrees, and the commission intrusted with the duty of conducting the state examinations refused to respect its diplomas. Accordingly, no Belgian subject could attend the new university. Soon the necessary funds (60,000 francs per year) were lacking, and a few weeks ago the Academic Council, notwithstanding the protests of the professors and the students, decided to close the institution. The rector was Dr. de Greef.

Much credit is due to the members of the Künstlerinnen-Verein of Munich for the energy with which they have carried forward the laudable enterprise of providing first-class opportunities for art study for women. Since the 1st of April the Association has been occupying its own newly erected building in a pleasant garden near the Pinakothek, in the very heart of the city. Some hundreds of young women are enjoying, under the auspices of the Verein, the best instruction obtainable in a city which has long been one of the foremost art centres in Europe.

The trade and industry of Italy formed the subject of an interesting and encouraging address made recently in London by the Italian Ambassador to Great Britain. He did not assert that his country was rich, only that "she is on the way to become so." The revenue is equal to the expenditures, and within the past ten years a considerable amount of the national indebtedness has been paid off. The bank deposits,

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including the savings-banks, amount to $600,000,000. Since 1871 the number of mechanics has doubled, mineral exports and the production of silk have trebled, and, among other things, Italy manufactures the rolling stock of her railways, the whole material of her navy, and 80 milliards of matches annually ("enough to set all Europe in a blaze"). Referring to her lack of coal, the speaker said that "possibly it is to electricity that Italy must look for her mechanical reorganization and emancipation, when she shall have learned to utilize the million horse-power contained in the waterfalls that course down the slopes of the Apennines."

An English expedition was organized in 1897 under Major (now Colonel) Macdonald to trace the upper course of the river which was to constitute the eastern boundary of British East Africa, according to the Anglo-Italian agreements of 1891 and 1894. Another object was to take effective possession of the eastern Nile valley, and thus forestall French and Abyssinian enterprises in that quarter. A mutiny of the Sudanese composing the expedition prevented for a time its departure from Uganda. Information has been received recently in London that a part of it, as reorganized, has succeeded in reaching a point some three hundred miles north of the Victoria Nyanza; and that Col. Macdonald has made treaties with the chiefs in a large section of country to the east of the Nile, and has apparently opened communication with Lado on that river. Another column has explored the region lying to the west of Lake Rudolf. Both columns have returned to Uganda, and preparations are being made to carry out the original plans, and, probably, to cooperate with the Anglo-Egyptian advance from Fashoda up the Sobat.

To complete a record of bills of credit issued by the colony of Massachusetts from 1690 to 1750, Mr. Andrew McF. Davis wishes to know where any may be found. His address is 10 Appleton Street, Cambridge, Mass.

—It was a happy thought for the Colonial Dames to print the early letters addressed to Washington, and the first volume has now appeared, edited by Mr. S. M. Hamilton (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). This earliest portion of the correspondence is disjointed, and is marked by many omissions due to loss and gift of manuscripts, or by the retention of family letters by the Washington family. It is noteworthy that in this volume, with letters extending from 1752 to 1756, only two family papers appear. The manuscripts in the Department of State have been depended upon for material, and no attempt has been made by the editor to go outside of them. In some respects this is unfortunate, as such an edition as is proposed should aim at finality, and there is hardly a collection of papers, state or private, that could not have made its contribution. The material used turns largely upon Washington's military duties while connected with the Virginia regiment, and is occupied with details of army discipline and equipment. Of greatest interest are the letters on the affair of Fort Necessity, on the question of rank, and on the charges made in 1756 by an anonymous writer against the regiment. Personal details are not wanting, the scribblings of Washington's secretary, Kirkpatrick, being particularly rich. The volume fully justifies its existence, and promises richer material as the work progresses. The notes are not very judicious. Thus, half a page is devoted to Gist, but only two lines to Croghan, and nothing to Woelper or Bland, who deserved more than Gist.

—Admitting the importance of this compilation, it is with regret that we find the volume so carelessly prepared as to throw doubt upon the accuracy of the readings. There is a great and unnecessary affectation of minute care in the printing, and very unusual and confusing expedients are employed. Only a photograph could reproduce the peculiarities of the MS. Yet Mr. Hamilton has attempted the same results in rigid type. An inserted word or letter is given a whole line, a caret marking the place of insertion. Where the writer uses a flourish under his name, a long stiff dash is printed under the signature. A curve marking an abbreviation becomes a line over the type, sometimes dropping down and striking out necessary letters, as on p. 344. While the exact number of words in each line of the body of the letter is disregarded, the postscript is split into lines of unequal length. Arbitrary signs are used, as on page 121, where "Fred ∞," a meaningless mark, occurs. What is intended on page 39, where "Ciprian Dame. [+M's Nel]" is printed? Such vagaries could have been overlooked did they show a scrupulous adherence to the text, united with an intelligent exercise of an editor's judgment. A doubtful point calls for an explanation. The following are given as a few of many violations of good editing we have noticed: (p. 13) Penoney, though the note on the same page gives properly Peyronney; (p. 34) auquaint, for accquaint; (p. 101) *mrcely* savages for *merciless;* (p. 183) a meaningless mention of "32 thousd tol" of beef, though the proper statement is given on p. 151, where occurs another slip of *lbs.* for *bls.* Dots, usually showing *omissions, are here used without meaning* (p. 341) and the bracket is employed freely for the parenthesis. We trust that greater care will be shown in the subsequent volumes, as they are too well printed to merit such defect.

—The "Beardsley craze" may not be dead, as Mr. H. C. Marillier, in the prefatory note to 'The Early Work of Aubrey Beardsley' assures us it is not, but the policy pursued in the compilation of such books as this and 'A Second Book of Fifty Drawings by Aubrey Beardsley' (both published by John Lane) cannot fail to damage Mr. Beardsley's reputation. The first 'Book of Fifty Drawings' was published in the artist's lifetime, and he himself was responsible for the selection. In the second there are "many things which would not have appeared had Mr. Beardsley been living," and at least one drawing the publication of which the artist had "vehemently prohibited." In the other and larger volume the same policy has been pursued, and immature scribblings and utter failures are mingled with the better work of the man in whose honor the book is published. In the case of a great artist there is something to be said for such a policy; it is interesting if not important to the world that every scrap from the hand of a Rembrandt should be treasured; but Mr. Beardsley was not a great artist—only a man of striking talent within a very limited range. In spite of the morbidity of his fancy and the debased nature of his types, his best work shows marked ability in the disposal of pure black and white spaces and the decorative arrangement of lines. One might still have believed that his bad drawing and lack of light and shade were voluntary mannerisms if these volumes had not proved to us that he was quite incapable of doing anything else than what he did best. The quite terrible badness—the absolute ineptitude—of his productions when he attempted work in the ordinary methods, would be incredible if it were not proved to us here by many examples. Perhaps the best things in either volume are a number of designs for book-covers, consisting of pure ornament. In these his qualities of space and line composition have full play, while his horrible conception of humanity and his utter lack of pictorial power do not affect the result.

—The disposal of black and white spaces and the arrangement of lines are the subject of Mr. Arthur W. Dow's book on 'Composition' (Boston: J. M. Bowles). Mr. Dow is ambitious, and thinks he has discovered "a new system of art education," beginning with composition where the ordinary system leaves off, and introducing nature-study only as the young artist needs it for the development of his previously planned composition. That arrangement is the essence of art is undoubtedly true, but it may still be doubted how a system would work in practice which begins by getting something out of the student before he has put anything into himself. Certainly, heretofore, the apprenticeship of every great artist has been a struggle for the mastery of representation, after which has come the period of production. Taken in itself, however, not as a substitute for other art training, but as an addition to it, Mr. Dow's book and its method may prove useful. We regret that so many of the author's examples and even terms should be taken from the Japanese. The Japanese examples are good, but there is as much good to be found in classic and Renaissance work, and such work is our own by descent and tradition, not a foreign graft.

—By the nature of his profession, a portrait-painter comes into contact with many people, and often with very distinguished people. When such a painter is the son of a well-known musician and the godson of a great one, he has a personal and hereditary as well as a professional entrée into distinguished circles. It only needed, therefore, that Mr. Felix Moscheles should be able to write tolerably to make his 'Fragments of an Autobiography' (Harpers) very good reading, and he writes much more than tolerably, with a pleasant, gossipy, sentimental manner, beginning each of his eleven chapters with an "I well remember," so that the only initial letter needed by the compositor is what Thackeray called "that upright and independent vowel." Besides moralizing and reminiscences of school-days and early love affairs, we have glimpses of Moscheles the elder and Mendelssohn, Rossini and Meyerbeer, Mazzini and Browning, all of which are interesting if not very important. Mr. Moscheles was one of the first of the now long line of itinerant portrait-painters who have learned what a foreign name is worth in America, and so we have also a chapter on Grover Cleveland, and another giving the unusually pleasant impressions of a cultivated Englishman, not without "a certain condescension" to the society which received him with open arms and pocket-books. The book is illustrated with excellent reproductions of indifferent

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portraits of Mazzini, Browning, and the artist's mother. Altogether the sense is left that one has been meeting an agreeable person if by no means a great artist.

—Mr. Louis Dyer recently gave the first of three lectures on Machiavelli at the Royal Institution in London. "'The Prince' and Cæsar Borgia" was his topic. The course, he said, was planned on the strength of the interest awakened in England and America by Mr. Morley's Romanes lecture of 1897. Machiavelli was a comparatively obscure personage in his day. Insulating himself in his own insignificance, he stood keenly observing the hurly-burly of the world as if in a camera obscura. 'The Prince' could be accepted as the political programme of the Renaissance only if we insisted upon its specifically Italian coloring, gathered from Machiavelli's personal experience. The whole treatise occupied, in the printing, rather less than three times the space of Macaulay's famous essay on Machiavelli. Cæsar Borgia was the first man of intense power with whom Machiavelli came into intimacy. As a family, the Borgias were Spaniards in whom a touch of the Blackamoor from Morocco and a strain of the Bedouin from Asia had been strangely mixed with Iberian brutality; and in the case of Cæsar and Lucretia there had been added to all this a dash of vulgar Italian sensuality. More in objurgation of the Borgias the lecturer dared not say in that place, which was within the diocese of the Lord Bishop of London, the apologist, as against Ranke, of the Borgias. "It is not improbable that Alexander VI.," the Right Reverend Historian of the Popes had written, "used poison in the same way as his contemporaries, but I do not think that many of their attempts succeeded." Machiavelli, though decidedly at sea in judging personal character, had the painter's instinctive need of seeing ideas impersonated before he could think clearly. To him Italy said, in the words lent by Euripides to Queen *Hecuba* in her apostrophe of *Agamemnon:* "Stand off, I say, as painters do; scan me and peruse my worth in woe." In his 'Life of Castruccio Castracani,' Machiavelli personified his own view of the infantry tactics of the future, as in 'The Prince' he personified his own forecast of the government of the future and of the union of Italy. These personal demonstrations wrote themselves, but it was not so with his longer and impersonal presentations of those same topics. 'The Art of War,' Machiavelli's abstract discussion, among other things, of infantry tactics, dragged on through seven books; his 'Discourses on Livy,' containing his impersonal discussion on government, was never finished. Mr. Pater's account of the science of the Renaissance as "clairvoyance . . . seeking in an instant of vision to concentrate a thousand experiences," applied most aptly to 'The Prince.' Machiavelli conceived of the terrible political problem of the Renaissance—the fusing of disjointed atoms into *one state—as a political readjuster*, not as a readjustment; as a person, not as a process. Cæsar Borgia interested him only while he saw him at work, atrociously but remorselessly, delivering the Romagnol people from anarchy. This Romagnol segment of Borgia's life he isolated, and on this foundation built up 'The Prince,' who was an utterly impossible human being; his impossibility resulting from Machiavelli's making him up out of the requirements of the debauched and corrupted commons of Italy. Thus the needs of the Italian people, rather than the character of Cæsar Borgia, gave the law of life and duty to Machiavelli's 'Prince.'

BRADFORD'S LESSON OF POPULAR GOVERNMENT.—I.

The Lesson of Popular Government. By Gamaliel Bradford. The Macmillan Co. 2 vols., pp. 520, 590.

For more than thirty years Mr. Bradford has been an earnest student of our democratic institutions, both in themselves and in comparison with other examples of popular government. Seeing clearly the shortcomings and abuses incident to freedom, he has not lost faith in the people, but has found his conviction ripening that a republic is, after all, the form of government which has secured the greatest average happiness for a community. He believes that public opinion in civilized nations is more nearly right than the opinions of any narrow ruling class, and that we shall have good government in proportion to our success in giving guidance to political action by public opinion, when this is enlightened by searching discussion and stimulated by appeals to noble motives. The thesis of this important work is, he says,

"that so far as popular government has failed, the main cause has been in defective machinery, so that public opinion is brought to bear either not at all, or so imperfectly that what is assumed to be the will of the people is, in fact, only that of a comparatively small number of political managers, more or less dishonest, who avail themselves of the forms of government to carry out their private schemes and purposes, by virtue of a nominal expression of the popular will" (i, 38).

Looking into the defects of the machinery, he finds the chief in the absorption of governmental power by the Legislature, concluding that, in the inevitable battle between Legislature and executive for power, "if the executive wins, government is possible, though it may be bad; if the Legislature wins, government becomes, in the long run, impossible" (i, 45). Following out the reasoning, Mr. Bradford concludes that "the ideal constitution of the executive is a single head, surrounded by a staff of his own selection, appointed and removed at his pleasure, one man being at the head of each department" (i, 46). In this way the proper responsibility of the head of the state is secured, and this responsibility is enforced by his election directly by the people, who thus approve or condemn his acts. But as the executive is best informed as to the working of the governmental machine, he should be best fitted to plan its future course and progress, and "must have the power to say what he wants and why he wants it"; and "that the executive shall be able thus to state and advocate his plans, it is necessary that his representatives should be in contact with the Legislature, and have at least the same right of speech as the members of that body" (i, 50). In the sharp criticisms of the Opposition in face-to-face debate, our author sees not only a continuous and salutary check upon the executive, but also such enlightened instruction of public opinion, under circumstances favorable to arresting popular attention, that the judgments registered at the elections of members of the Legislature and of the executive will grow more and more trustworthy as positive exercises of the ultimate sovereignty of the people.

Applying these doctrines to our Federal Government, the practical step Mr. Bradford advocates is, as the readers of the *Nation* well know, to allow the members of the cabinet to occupy seats on the floor in the houses of Congress, with the right to participate in debate on matters relating to the business of their respective departments, and with the duty of attending, upon notice, to give information asked by resolution or in reply to questions propounded under proper rules. By his earnest and able advocacy of his views, Mr. Bradford induced Senator Pendleton of Ohio to prepare a bill with the provisions just stated, which was referred to a select committee, and reported to the Senate in February, 1881, with a recommendation that it pass. This was the high-water mark in the history of the proposed measure, for the author very naturally says that it seems strange that it "should never since have received the slightest attention from either house of Congress or from the executive" (ii, 327). He explains the untoward result by the instinctive conviction of legislators that the measure tended to increase the power and influence of the executive, and by their natural tendency as legislators to oppose whatever would diminish the relative weight of their own body. In short, it was part of the inevitable evolutionary struggle between the two departments of government. The author hopes for the growth of a strong public opinion that will overrule this opposition and command Congress to yield its pride and subdue its natural impulse. He has so deep a sense of the perils there would be in meddling with the fundamental organization of the government that he deprecates the calling of a constitutional convention for general revision of the organic law, and, therefore, limits himself to what may consist with the Constitution as it is, though he does not conceal his opinion that his ideal would include executive initiative in all public legislation.

In the government of cities whose charters may be nearly anything a State Legislature chooses to make them, there is almost free course for experiment. A new State, organized under the impulse to put most advanced ideas into practice, might also be induced to try the effect of administering by a responsible Governor and cabinet, intrusted with the initiative in legislation, and so help to work out the interesting problem in statecraft to which Mr. Bradford has devoted most of a lifetime. He is looking to these smaller governmental corporations for the earlier and more hopeful tentative applications of his principles, and has devoted interesting chapters to schemes of State and city government in accordance with his doctrines.

The author's systematic presentation of his views occupies a comparatively small part of his work, and by far the larger part is devoted to sketches of the progress of popular government in different nations, especially in the relations between the executive and legislative departments of the state which have resulted from the internal agitation that has been the ever present factor in national development everywhere. As French history has been by turns the story of most radical revolution and most despotic reaction, Mr. Bradford has given more space to it than to any other, and his chapters on the phases of French progress from the revolt against the tyranny of the old régime to the downfall of the Second Empire and the storms which have attended the Third Republic,

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make a most valuable and instructive treatise upon the development of the republican idea in that nation. Considerably more than two hundred pages are given to it, with copious translations from authorities with which we need to be more familiar. The period of the siege of Paris, the negotiation with the Germans, and the struggle of moderate republicanism with communism is peculiarly interesting, and American readers will be especially thankful for the free use made of the books by Jules Favre, Jules Simon, Étienne Lamy, and others. The synopsis of the varying degrees of power and of initiative given to the cabinets of Europe by existing constitutions, from the dominance of monarchy in Germany to the complete obedience of the executive to the Legislature in Switzerland, is an excellent and useful piece of work.

If Mr. Bradford's method is suggestive of the annotations made in years of reading in many authors, brought together with the passages which have suggested his comments and discussions, it has also the advantage of very frank and adequate presentation of the views which he controverts or reinforces. He does not blink or disguise the criticisms of those who have opposed his views, and Prof. Snow, Mr. A. L. Lowell, and Mr. Speaker Reed are allowed to speak for themselves with a fulness which adds interest to the discussion. The vices which have grown up in our own politics are not ignored, and the culmination of party politics in the development of the new tyranny of "bossism" is exposed in its character and its methods of despotic rule with a realism which ought to startle every lover of his country. From every point of view, therefore, whether we wholly follow Mr. Bradford's reasoning or not, we must bear witness that he has given us a most valuable book, inspired by a noble faith in the capacity of man for self-government, and by a pure and disinterested patriotism devoting a lifetime of laborious investigation to the task of smoothing our pathway towards a pure and successful republicanism.

The writer of this review was one of those who gave public adhesion to the general plan of admitting cabinet officers to the debates in Congress, more than five-and-twenty years ago; but he has been led to doubt whether that change alone would make any material modification in the character of our government, or whether, if made, it would survive a single session of Congress. Reflection has tended to produce the conviction that the choice is between maintaining our present system of the restriction of the executive departments to administration proper, and the English system of a cabinet which is essentially a committee of the House of Commons. For the latter, a radical change in our Federal Constitution would be necessary; and, agreeing with Mr. Bradford that we must work out our governmental reforms under our Constitution as it is, the English system seems to be excluded from consideration.

THE ENGLISH HOUSE.

The Evolution of the English House. By Sidney Oldall Addy, M.A. With forty-two illustrations. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Macmillan Co. 1898. $1.50.

The author of this book begins by giving the greatest possible amount of credit to German scholars who "describe still existing houses in northern Germany which are built, like basilicas or churches, in the form of nave and aisles, with dwelling-rooms . . . at one end," and who have shown the connection between those "remarkable survivals" and far more ancient buildings described in earlier writers. Roman imperial writers, Norwegian, Irish, French, Old English, and modern English authors are cited, and often quoted at length, continually throughout the book. A hasty observer, as one who might take up the book in a book-store with a view to purchasing it, might be prejudiced against it as if a mere compilation. Nothing, however, can be further from the fact. The English facts are mainly of our author's own determining; and his consulted authorities of so many ages and so many peoples are called upon merely to show the extraordinary minuteness of correspondence between the old English house, which is the principal subject, and the dwellings of the country people throughout Europe and western Asia, in the lapse of at least fifteen centuries. The illustrations are declared to be mainly "from photographs and measurements taken and made by the author," and they are mostly of English subjects, as it was their business to be. The plans leave nothing to be desired; in many of them, indeed, there are no scales given, but their approximate dimensions are always stated in the text, and the subject does not call for that accuracy of measurement which the monograph of an important building requires. The not very brilliant half-tone cuts, such as are familiar to us in recent English books, are made intelligible as to dimensions of buildings by a man standing erect beside the principal doorway or the like; though in one case, at least, we suspect the author of having picked out the tallest man in the neighborhood as his standard. Where this simple device is not resorted to, as in the curious instances of the "crucks of a demolished house," on page 30, the curious roof and mantelpiece at North Meols, page 51, the interesting "House Place" at Upper Midhope, page 55, and others, the scale is sufficiently obvious; and yet one does desire some facts about the height of the story depicted in the photograph on page 57, where a stair is shown of only eight risers from floor to floor, and where these seem quite unreasonably high. The views of Padley Hall, pages 138 and 139, need no scale, for what kind of building it is is sufficiently visible; and the "outshut" at North Meols, on page 43, is obviously enough a low-browed, low-timbered lean-to, which may be four or five feet high at the eves without its dimensions concerning the reader much. The sections as well as the plans serve their purpose well, and the little pictures, which are stated to be forty-two in number, seem even more numerous, and constitute a very adequate outfit of illustration.

If any one is concerned with singularly old terms for buildings, for parts of buildings, for building materials, for processes, and for legend of every sort, he will find a supply ready made to his hand in this book. The "room in the chimney" is not primarily a "priest's hiding-hole." It is but something which came of itself, independently and inevitably, from one of the old-fashioned ways of building a chimney. The "loophole" has for its not surprising meaning that of 'lowphole,' 'leaphole,' or 'aperture through which light or air could enter or through which smoke could escape.' There used to be two bells in church towers on the Scottish border, one of them called the "Common-Bell" and the other the "Reever's Bell," because it was used to inform thieves and cattle-stealers that now, at the time of the annual (or other) fair or market, they were permitted to enter the towns and no questions asked. This is an astonishing statement, but we have learned by this time to trust our author far. The "fork" is the pair of timbers (or perhaps one of the pair of timbers) set up to determine the width and height of a building and to retain its walls and steep roof. "Crucks" these forks are called—"gavelforks" also, and "couples of syles" as well, although there is a difference between "syles" and "gavelforks," for which see page 18. This information seems dull enough until one finds the true application of it in the first chapter, but it is not uninteresting to meet with the positive and reiterated assertion of the original meaning of bay in the same chapter. The bay in modern architectural talk is, indeed, the whole space from pier to pier, from buttress to buttress, in any long building of somewhat uniform character from end to end; and the nave of a church is said to be so many bays in length. But here the word is used as representing a peremptory thing from which there is no escape, namely, a positive and essential division of the long barn or house into sections of about sixteen feet; that being everywhere the distance from each pair of crucks to the next. The old English house was sold and bought, hired and rented, by its bays; and a man could rent one bay without renting the rest of the house. The owner might leave one bay to one child and another bay to another; and a bay might be sold by itself, much as in a modern apartment-house it sometimes happens that there is a divided ownership, and each person is, in a sense, owner of his own set of rooms.

In this minute way early chapters deal with the house in its humblest type, and with that very curious form of habitation in which the horses, the oxen, the pigs, the man-servants and the maid-servants, and the proprietor's family lived under one roof without friction or without unnecessary discomfort—comfort being reckoned by the ancient standard. In the middle of the great house, between the rows of stalls, was the barn floor upon which the wagon could be dragged by the horses, but from which those horses must back the wagon out again, because at the upper end of the great nave was the chimney, and beyond it, and on either side of it, the rooms of the family. And the master of the house could "superintend the whole management of the household from the hearth, and from his bedstead hear every sound"; and, moreover, the smoke of the great fire would of necessity permeate the whole building and keep out insects and counteract the stench of the cattle. So that it appears that the need of the rooms behind the chimney was made manifest only in later and more luxurious times. "People are still living who remember how farmers' men in England used to sleep on the hay in a gallery or hayloft over the cows."

So the subject begins at this oldest and latest point of departure, and with great good judgment and great self-control is not carried beyond the early times and the simple conditions. It leads, indeed, to the castle, to the church with its defensible tower, and to the crypt; but these are all the simplest and rudest castles, churches, and crypts, and, moreover, it is their simplest and most po-

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pular uses which are considered. The defensible character of the castle keep is not much insisted on except as the necessity of the flat roof surrounded by a parapet is made clear. The ecclesiological arrangement of the church is not a subject taken up by the author—only the connection of the crypt with the church as a place of special sanctity; but all these subjects are treated according to the tangible and certain traditions of early times, and as expressing the needs of the people as clearly as house or barn itself. Nowhere is the small border fortress of the twelfth century brought in treatment so near to the modern student; and nowhere is the absence of the big and stately municipal building from English architectural history so simply and easily explained as here.

It is fair to say that Mr. Addy seems to be less of a builder and less of an artist in his studies than an historian and a sociologist. That is a bad slip which is made on page 29, in boldly ascribing the origin of the Gothic arch to something which certainly did not suggest it. No other such blunder has attracted our attention, but the tone of the book is generally that of a man unpractised and unlearned in the mechanical work of building. As a student of social life, he is the more fitted to write apparently the first of what will be a most valuable series, "The Social English Series," edited by Kenelm D. Cotes. There is an editorial preface at the beginning of the volume which is very readable indeed, and seems to set the pace for all the books which are to follow this one. The names of four of them already issued, and of eight more "in preparation," are given opposite the false title. If those of The King's Peace, The English Manor, and the rest are at all as well written as the one now in hand, our town libraries will be richer by a set of books giving much needed information in the simplest and yet the most trustworthy form.

Memoirs of the Duc de Saint-Simon. Translated and abridged by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. In 4 volumes. Boston: Hardy, Pratt & Co. 1899.

The first comprehensive attempt at an English translation of the 'Mémoires' of Saint-Simon cuts out, condenses, redistributes matter where "it has seemed best," and offers, in four superb volumes, "the outline of Saint-Simon's career; a selection of such portraits as may be read with interest by the general reader; several of the great historical scenes; and something of the mere court gossip and intrigue." There are various ways of dealing with an historically classic text; this is one of them. Its principal recommendation, particularly to the general reader, is the comparative simplicity and coherence to which it reduces a narrative originally long and at times sadly confusing. The almost complete disappearance of a great historical framework composed of interminable campaigns, tedious questions of state, quarrels for precedence, diplomatic intrigues and manœuvres, and other trivialities of like nature, is a small matter if the flavor of personality and gossip that gives piquancy to such memoirs as these is but preserved. In similar fashion, Saint-Simon presents himself as a high-minded noble of honor and integrity, and much more free from arrogance and captiousness than ill-disposed critics would heretofore have had us believe—nay, more so than he appeared to his own king. And, further, it must be borne in mind that a translation for English readers cannot be expected to reproduce faithfully the too masculine frankness of the Duke's stories and portraitures of his contemporaries, characteristic though they are of the man and the time. Such passages as the picture of Mme. Panache, the peculiarities and misadventures of the Marquise de Saint-Hérem or of the Princesse d'Harcourt, the cynicism of Vendôme, the practical joke played on Luxembourg, and so many more, clamor for suppression. "The most luxuriant and aromatic growth of French literature in the age," as the late Henry Reeve described it, must be pruned and deodorized. Thus (vol. iv., p. 334), when Saint-Simon, on the termination of his mission to Spain, takes leave of the Princess of the Asturias, the farewell of her Royal Highness, unmindful of Don Quixote's instructions to Sancho on social decorum, is modified by the translator. The scene, comic to a gross sense of humor, becomes silly; but propriety is saved. And again (vol. iii., p. 266), the regimen prescribed by Fagon for the declining years of Louis XIV. becomes comprehensible from a clause of the original, suppressed in translation, though suggestible enough in half-a-dozen euphemisms. If, in the words of the prospectus of this "Versailles Edition," Saint-Simon is suitable for young men, it must be added that in his present well-brushed dress he is still more eminently presentable to young women.

Considered merely as a translation, the work (in so far as it coincides with the original) is for the most part careful and accurate. In the case of so markedly personal a style as that of Saint-Simon, literal fidelity, while giving an undeniably foreign aspect to the translation, renders it impossible to destroy the color, glow, and dramatic life of his unique, incomparable pages. From the rendering of the death-scene of Monseigneur (vol. ii, ch. 9), the portraits of Fénelon (vol. iii, ch. 7) and Mme. de Maintenon (vol. iii, ch. 11), and the narrative of the *lit de justice* (vol. iv, chs. 6 and 7), readers can obtain some impression of the spirit and unchecked exuberance of the original. Less superficial examination, however, reveals occasional discrepancies between this version and Chéruel's revised text on which it professes to be based; we offer no explanation of their presence. Saint-Simon, relating the trick put upon the Bishop of Noyon at an academic reception, describes the prelate's speech in the words: "dont la confusion et le langage remplirent l'attente de l'auditoire," for the listeners knew his fondness for bombast. In the English account, we find (vol. i, p. 89): "the verbosity of its language holding the attention of his auditors." Of his brother-in-law (Lauzun), the Duke tells us that he was "méchant et malin par nature, encore plus par jalousie et par ambition," but the translation, presumably better informed, represents him (vol. i, p. 101) as "malicious and malignant by nature, even more than from jealousy and ambition." We understand what Saint-Simon means by calling Grammont "un homme de beaucoup d'esprit"; but we are convinced that, knowing the Count as he did, he did not mean to credit him with being "a man of much mind" (vol. i, p. 325). When Louis XIV., after exhibiting his selfishness to his courtiers by the carp-tank at Versailles, sought to relieve the tension of the situation produced by their silence, he turned to a group of "gens des bâtiments qui ne soutinrent pas la conversation à l'ordinaire"; even these humble folk were embarrassed and shocked. But the English translation has it that "he spoke . . . to the builders who, as a usual thing, had no conversation with him" (vol. ii, p. 51). Boudin, chief physician to Monseigneur, was "si naïvement plaisant, que personne n'était plus continuellement divertissant, sans jamais vouloir l'être"; but we now discover (vol. ii, p. 229) that he was "so naïvely jocose that people were continually diverted by him, without liking to be so." In the charmingly life-like portrait of the Duchess of Burgundy, the "grosses lèvres mordantes" have become "thick, cracking lips" (vol. iii, p. 39). Her husband, while Dauphin, strove to preserve "la bienséance d'un rang destiné à régner, et à tenir en attendant une cour"; he is here represented as attentive to "the social decorums of a rank that was destined to reign, and was called upon meantime to hold its proper court" (vol. iii, p. 53). The Regent, say the Memoirs, was "fort haut en couleur, le poil noir et la perruque de même"; in his English dress, we find him "high colored on a dark skin, encased in a black wig" (vol. iii, p. 217). Speaking of the wasteful expenditure on Versailles, Saint-Simon states that the abundance of supply renders the waters "vertes, épaisses, bourbeuses," the aptness of these adjectives being clear to any one who remembers the scummy fish-ponds and mimic lakes of the palace; from the translation it would appear that "the volumes of water . . . make these gardens verdant, rank, and miry" (vol. iii, p. 305). At the *petits soupers* held by the Regent and his dissolute crew, "Rien ni personne n'était épargné, M. d'Orléans y tenait son coin comme les autres"; that is, the Duke came in for his share, but, as Saint-Simon goes on to say, the most reckless license of speech, even at his own expense, failed to produce any impression on that cynical nature. "No person and nothing was spared. The Duc d'Orléans held up his corner with the rest" (vol. iv, p. 53). In order to emphasize the excitement over the degradation of the bastards, the original tells us that an insignificant Abbé Pucelle, "*bien que* conseiller clerc, était dans les bancs vis-à-vis"—manifestly out of his place; the translation reads, "Abbé Pucelle, who, being a counsellor-clerk, was on the benches opposite" (vol. iv, p. 218). Dangeau, it is said, possessed "peu d'esprit, mais celui du grand monde et de savoir être toujours dans la bonne compagnie"; and for this we are offered the equivalent of "little wit, but what he had of the great world, the result of being always in good society" (vol. iv, p. 295). We had always supposed that Saint-Simon had some object in describing Cardinal Dubois's appearance in the contrasting words of "son extérieur de *furet*, mais de *cuistre*"; we had yet to learn that, in his day, *cuistre* meant *blackguard* (vol. iv, p. 362). These examples serve to enhance the value of Sainte-Beuve's words given in the introduction, but too often neglected in the work itself: "Respectons le texte des grands écrivains."

What constitutes a great writer is too admittedly Saint-Simon's possession to be safely denied him by any one; but the translator's prefatory note (p. 36) opens a challenge in another and totally unexpected quarter: "With all its great narrative merits, that style has no literary quality, and none has

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been, or could be, foisted upon it in the translation." To this declaration, the only reply lies in a cordial assurance of thankfulness that no such attempt was made. Of "literary quality," in the narrowest academic sense of the word, Saint-Simon has indeed none whatever; and it is precisely the absence of such quality that singles out his work in his artificial age, and places it permanently among the great books of all time. In short, the Memoirs of Saint-Simon may be taken as the most brilliant verification of the paradox, "La perfection du style c'est de n'en point avoir."

My Inner Life. By John Beattie Crozier. Longmans. 1898. 8vo, pp. 562.

What paralysis of speech prevented Mr. Crozier from affixing to his book the most attractive of all labels, that of Autobiography—when that is just what it is, neither more nor less—instead of a title both unappetizing and inaccurate, we cannot tell. He withholds nothing of his outward life about which the reader could feel any curiosity, but only his love affairs, his struggles for moral improvement, his temptations. Much of the volume is non-autobiographical, consisting of reflections upon Carlyle, Emerson, Lord Randolph Churchill, Herbert Spencer, Macaulay, Kant, Washington Irving, Hegel, and many other prosaists. These comments are not sensationally novel; and Mr. Crozier's appraisals of literature are more sure than his appraisals of philosophy. When he speaks of metaphysicians, he is apt to be sketchy, not to say superficial. Still, what he says is in the main judicious and ably expressed. His pen is flexible and adapts itself to more than one style, which is always lively, fresh, musical, and as lucid as his thought allows. It is capable of rising to genuine eloquence. His genus is that of philosophical prose poets; but he lacks the earnestness required to rival Emerson, Carlyle, Ruskin, or Henry James the elder, each of whom was in the clutch of a great idea and struck with its superhuman force. He has only his own power of thought, which may be rated as superior, but not as great nor even profound. Both at once and at different periods of his life we find him laying stress upon an assortment of ideas that have no intimate bond of union, and are not all very thoroughly worked out into the light. The Upper Canadian estimations of his youth, his half-course at Toronto, his phrenological beginning, continue to show their tint through all the reading that has overlaid them. Perhaps that reading has been too large and weighty for its foundations.

None of the book is dull; some of it is richly amusing; every part of it is instructive either for its reflections or as a "human document"; while the reader is swept forward as in a novel upon his sympathy with the hero. The book has some faint perfume of 'David Copperfield,' without being, by many leagues, as good or as bad. More than in any writing where thorough acquaintance with the matter can be attained only with great labor, in autobiography the prime need is intense interest on the author's part in his subject; and that interest the autobiographer is pretty sure to be possessed of, or he would not have undertaken an exhibition from which another would shrink. The native delicacy that literature generally demands must in him have been largely obliterated before he could bring himself to make public in their minutiæ, as he will have to do if he aims at greatness in this line, the varying states of his spiritual and intellectual being and bowels. Our author, however, we are glad to find, does not aspire to pose "in the altogether" nor aim at an anatomical demonstration, whatever his ungraceful title might suggest.

Every book is supposed to do the reader some service. There are, of course, celebrated autobiographies that really do little more than entertain us; but the pretence always is to illustrate the conduct of life either by the author's extraordinary successes or, much more usefully, by mistakes which the result makes manifest enough and which the reader is virtually invited to study. Perhaps one of those of this autobiographer has been that he has led too isolated a life. He would seem never to have entirely corrected the faulty appreciations of a semi-education by constant intercourse on many sides with the world's splendid men, so as to study their methods. He has never been drawn into one of those useful and respectable associations which, when they were bearing their best fruit, received (in 1837) the nickname of mutual-admiration societies. Yet he has not burned to lay his comfort and consideration upon the altar of any idea. A writer who is equally indisposed to the one and the other of these courses would certainly seem to have one of the qualifications of an autobiographer.

Our author, in that first happy stage of development when man swims about freely and can look out for a snug hole in which to ensconce himself for life, chose to make himself a local medical practitioner in a growing quarter of London, which answered the purpose of giving him time for that great work on Development, with too typical a title, which he has always been writing. But modern methods of business, so fatal to the small and isolated, invaded his profession, and have hurried him into making friends with the public by the present publication, being already known to them by his 'Civilization and Progress.' A friend he will find in every reader.

Mezzotints in Music. By James Huneker. Charles Scribner's Sons. Pp. 318.

Mr. James Huneker has long been known as a brilliant writer for the press on musical topics, but he never took the trouble to gather his articles into book form. At last his friends induced him to make an effort in this direction, and the result is one of the most readable and at the same time most useful books on music ever issued in this country. Mr. Huneker is an indefatigable reader of musical literature, yet his book reflects chiefly his own experience, in studio and concert-hall, and his marvellous command of language and wide general knowledge enable him to present even technical matters in a way to interest the general reader. His book includes chapters on Brahms, Tchaikovsky, Richard Strauss and Nietzsche, Chopin, Liszt, and Wagner, and an elaborate disquisition on *études* for the pianoforte.

The opening chapter is, somewhat unfortunately, headed "The Music of the Future." Fancying that it must be about Wagner, the Brahmsites will be likely to ignore it scornfully; while the Wagnerites, finding that it is about Brahms, will be apt to pass on to the next chapter in their resentment at such an abuse of language. The impulse to do so should, however, be resisted. Mr. Huneker is a sincere admirer of the Hamburg composer, and he speaks from a fulness of knowledge which few writers on music possess. He has all of Brahms's works in his memory, and his description and characterization of them are of value even if one cannot agree with the high estimate he places on them. It may be cheerfully conceded that Brahms is "the greatest variationist of his times," but it may be permitted to add that variation is an indication of the infancy of art—a kind of *Spielerei*, comparable to the effort, in literature, to express the same idea in as many different ways as possible. No poet has ever condescended to such trifling, yet musicians do it constantly. But when Mr. Huneker says that Brahms "has appropriated the Magyar spirit with infinitely more success than Liszt," he —well, it is impossible to think that he believes this himself. Liszt, born a Magyar, reared among gypsies, has introduced their fitful ornaments, together with the capricious Hungarian rhythms and tempi, into his music, in a way which absolutely reflects the lawless Magyar spirit; whereas Brahms is the very antipode of that spirit—a typical Teuton, heavy, lumbering, symmetrical, regular, pedantic, angular, ungraceful. It is true that Brahms first won fame through his Hungarian dances; but those were mere arrangements, not inventions; and even as arrangements they lack the exotic fragrance of Liszt's rhapsodies. These rhapsodies have been vulgarized and subjected to atrocious manipulations at the hands of conservatory pianists, but, when Paderewski plays them, we realize what wonderful groups of poetic folk-songs they are—musical epics that will be played long after Brahms is forgotten.

Mr. Huneker is not always consistent. On the first page he says that Brahms is "one whom Bülow justly ranked with Bach and Beethoven," yet on page 11 he declares that "Brahms is not knee-high to Bach or Beethoven." Indeed, when one gathers together all the concessions he makes about Brahms, one wonders that he has the courage to speak of his works as "the music of the future." While convinced that many of Chopin's compositions are immortal, he says, "I am not so sure that I could predict the same of the piano-music of Brahms." He admits the "muddiness and heaviness of the doubled basses of the piano music"; declares that "Brahms is not a great original melodist," that in his technics are included "the most trite patterns," that "the music of Brahms is often better than it sounds," and that the writer is "not a reckless Brahms worshipper." But his title is reckless.

Under the head of "A Modern Music Lord," Mr. Huneker gives a most interesting sketch of the life and works of Tchaikovsky, with fresh details garnered from foreign sources. The great Russian's courtship was certainly one of the most extraordinary on record—as eccentric and original as anything in his music. Our author fully appreciates the strong individuality of Tchaikovsky, his successful efforts to keep his skirts clear of Germany, and he justly remarks that, "despite his Western affiliation, there is always some Asiatic lurking in Tchaikovsky's scores." He dwells on this composer's predilection for the flute—Mr. Huneker calls it a weakness, but that is surely a wrong term. The flute is stupid as a solo instrument, but not in the orchestra, especially in groups, as, for instance, in the delightful "Nut-cracker Suite." Tchaikovsky's piano music is orchestral, and does not pay sufficient de-

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ference to the demands of players, who therefore avoid it; but Mr. Joseffy has lately discovered the beauties of the sonata opus 37, and perhaps others will follow. In a footnote to this sonata, "the composer humbly suggests the correct use of the pedal, knowing that color, atmosphere, perspective are the very essentials of his piano music." Mr. Huneker notes that Tchaikovsky disliked Brahms's music cordially, and that the feeling was as cordially reciprocated.

A brief chapter is concerned chiefly with idle speculations as to whether Wagner was of Jewish parentage—one of those paradoxes dear to Mr. Huneker. In another short chapter his great command of language enables him to give an intelligible idea of Richard Strauss's efforts to make music philosophical. "A Liszt Étude" calls attention to some of the beautiful neglected music of Liszt, and "The Royal Road to Parnassus" is a chapter on *études* of exceeding value to all students of the pianoforte; it reveals amazing erudition, and could never have been written except by one who, besides being a critic, has for years been a virtuoso and a teacher. But the most valuable chapter in the book is the one entitled "The Greater Chopin." It is an attempt to show that concert-goers do not yet know how great Chopin is; that his most profound and original works are practically unknown to the public, and that their day is dawning. There is much in this chapter to open the eyes of pianists, and the only thing to be regretted is that the author, in his enthusiasm over the undiscovered Chopin, should think it necessary to sneer at the familiar Chopin. It is true that the nocturnes and the waltzes have been sentimentalized, and tortured, and done to death by pianists, domestic and public; but that is not the fault of the pieces themselves. The most hackneyed of them, if played by Paderewski, still glow with a genius that is not to be found in the newest pieces of Brahms. Mr. Huneker properly insists on the masculine side of Chopin: "more masculine, heroic music . . . than the F sharp minor polonaise, some of the ballades, preludes, and *études*, has yet to be written." It is very much to be wished that every pianist would read and take to heart the remarks on pp. 183-4 anent the prevalent vice of playing Chopin too fast. The Chopin tempi should be moderated, as Theodore Kullak has so often insisted.

Heart of Man. By George Edward Woodberry. Macmillan Co. 1899.

It is only a very general unity that Mr. Woodberry claims for his four essays, and so much may cheerfully be conceded them. "The intention of the author was to illustrate how poetry, politics, and religion are the flowering of the same human spirit, and have their feeding roots in a common soil, 'deep in the general heart of men.'" This explanation, however, does not so evidently cover the first essay as it does the other three. The first, "Taormina," is a poetic meditation on the old Sicilian Tauromenium, which, founded in the fourth century B. C., has had a long and checkered history; Greeks, Romans, Saracens, Normans, Germans, Spaniards, English—each later horde trampling the earlier down. The story is too long for Mr. Woodberry to tell it all or half. He treats it in an allusive manner, his last touch reminding us that it was from the beach which is always in the foreground of his picture that Garibaldi set out for Italy in the campaign of Aspromonte, and that hither the wounded hero was brought back. Naturally, the suggestions of the idyls of Theocritus are those on which Mr. Woodberry lingers most tenderly. He quotes the lovely passage in which Theocritus describes two old fishermen, and he goes down to the shore and finds them "still at their toil, the same implements, the same poverty, the same sentiment for the heart." Etna plays a distinguished part in the drama, and her devastation is compared with that wrought by the volcanic eruption from the heart of man: "O Etna, it is not thou that man should fear! He should fear his brotherman."

Beautiful as is the Taormina essay, it is unimportant as compared with the next, "A New Defence of Poetry," a daring venture into fields so sacred to the memory of Sidney and Shelley that to replough them seems almost a sacrilege. Yet Mr. Woodberry justifies his daring by the wisdom and the penetration of his thought and its felicitous expression. Whereas, in the first essay, we are somehow made conscious of the writer's effort to be superfine, the hard writing in this case not making easy reading, in his "Defence of Poetry" Mr. Woodberry's whole energy seems bent on giving the most exact and satisfactory expression possible to his subtile and elusive thought. Such it appears to us, and yet he says, "What is here presented is neither speculative, technical, nor abstruse; it is practical in matter, universal in interest, and touches upon things which most should heed. I fear rather to incur the reproach of uttering truisms than paradoxes." The danger on either side seems fanciful, and his avoidance of it is complete. His first step is to show that the method of idealism is "that of all thought; that, in its intellectual process, the art of the poet, so far from being a sort of incantation, is the same as belongs to the logician, the chemist, the statesman." There is, however, a difference in the form of statement: "Science and also philosophy formulate truth and end in the formula; literature, as the saying is, clothes truth in a tale," the imagination and reason working in unison to produce the concrete effect. There are two main branches of human life as represented in literature, character and action. The former is generalized by type, the latter by plot. The study of type is carefully worked out, and the differences between different arts in representing it are clearly marked, the limitations of the plastic arts as compared with literature getting due emphasis. The essay makes the general purpose of the book plainest where it says, speaking of the type: "Its whole meaning and virtue lie in what it contains of our common humanity, in the clearness and brilliancy with which it interprets the man in us, in the force with which it identifies us with human nature." Coming to action, the second great branch of life, we are shown how it is generalized by plot, which is "analogous to an illustrative experiment in science; it is a concrete example of law." As with the type, so with the plot; the appeal to a common humanity is the chief end. "The greatest actor is he who makes the spectator play the part. So far is the drama from the scene that it goes on in our own bosoms; there is the stage without any illusion whatsoever; the play is vital for the moment in ourselves."

It must not be supposed that Mr. Woodberry conceives the artist as working consciously on the lines of the critical analysis here laid down:

"The poet is rather directly interested in certain characters and events that appeal to him; his sympathies are aroused, and he proceeds to show forth, to interpret, to create; and in proportion as the characters he sets in motion and the circumstances in which they are placed have moulding force, they will develop traits and express themselves in influences that he did not foresee."

In this connection there is good criticism of the didactic as a deduction from the purity of art, which teaches best where it aims least at teaching, most at representing life in its practical reality. The criticism of realism is also excellent; those who hold to it in its extreme form being compared to scientists who content themselves with mere observation. There are very attractive pages which set forth beauty, truth, and goodness as different forms of the same spiritual reality.

The essay on Democracy is a loftily ideal presentation of a matter which just now, as often heretofore, is fearfully concrete in its impact on our experience. But it is good to have a poet so enamoured of our polity and unabashed by the particular illustrations. The thought of the essay is expanded under the heads of liberty, equality, and fraternity; equality being treated as the central term in fact as in the classic trinity. The limitations of equality by education, property, and birth are fully considered, the emphasis being on education; and here it is interesting to find the practical utility of culture depreciated by one markedly possessed of it. Here and there the optimism is unconscious irony, as where, among our national characteristics, are set down "a rooted repugnance to use force; an aversion to war; a commiseration for all unfortunate peoples and warm sympathy with them in their struggles." Alas, for the inverted illustration which the passing weeks are furnishing!

The concluding essay, "The Ride," is a study of Religion, amiable enough in its ultimate analysis, but hardly satisfactory in its plea for the surrender of individual conviction on the altar of religious conformity. The study has for its setting a ride in the Far West so unique that Mr. Woodberry might have done better than to spend his time in reading his notes on religion to his young friend, to the neglect of the natural scene.

Lectures on the Fourteenth Article of Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. By William D. Guthrie. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1898. Pp. xxviii, 265.

Only two of the five lectures embraced in this volume deal directly with the Fourteenth Amendment. The first lecture, nominally on the history of the amendment, is of no historical importance, and, in its praise of the Supreme Court and its remarks on the responsibility of the bar, suggests the popular address rather than the serious discussion. The second, on construction and interpretation, is a somewhat loose summary of the familiar principles on that subject. Lectures III. and IV., on the other hand,

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treat specifically of the amendment, under the heads of "Due Process of Law" and "The Equal Protection of the Laws." While the views of the author are not new, they are clearly and forcibly put, and are, on the whole, worth reading. Especially well done is the examination and criticism of the decisions upon the police power of the States as affected by the Fourteenth Amendment, by which the Supreme Court has at length reached the conclusion that the federal courts "will intervene and set aside a regulation of charges which is unreasonable, and that the reasonableness of the regulation is a judicial question" (p. 82). The last lecture, on rules of practice, is one of the most useful in the volume, though having, again, no indispensable connection with the main subject.

In general, however, Mr. Guthrie's book contains little for the practising lawyer, and not much for the non-professional student of constitutional law; while its occasional abandonment of exposition for admonition, as in its remarks on the dangers of unequal taxation and the tendency to subject corporations to unfair discrimination, raises a doubt as to the particular purpose the author has had in mind. We should like to know, further, how much use is ever made of the annotated text of the Constitution, such as fills twenty-seven of Mr. Guthrie's pages. With the array of digests, text-books, and collections of cases now at command, we cannot imagine a busy lawyer doing anything with the seventy-five titles cited on laws impairing the obligation of contracts, or the one hundred and twenty citations on the regulation of interstate and foreign commerce. The index to the Constitution, too, is rather meagre; but there is a good index to the volume.

History of Greece. For High Schools and Academies. By George Willis Botsford. Macmillan.

Dr. Botsford's History is an admirable specimen of the best type of modern school-book. The author is already favorably known to scholars by his 'Development of the Athenian Constitution,' and his familiarity with the ancient sources and modern authorities enables him to do the work of compilation and résumé with sounder judgment and juster sense of proportion than are usually employed on such tasks. His aim, as the preface hints, is to picture the development of the social, political, and artistic life of the Greeks rather than to summarize the unprofitable detail of their often meaningless wars. He omits as far as possible the minor mythological and historical proper names with which the pages of the old-fashioned school history bristle. No description is given of the battle of Platæa. The sea-fight of Salamis is represented only by a map and the fine description in the "Persæ" of Æschylus. The general results only of the Messenian wars are given, and the name of Aristomenes is not mentioned. The campaigns and battles of the Pentekontaetia and of the Peloponnesian war are abridged to the smallest compass. On the other hand, an effort is made throughout the book to reproduce, in very simple form of course, the views of the latest authorities on the development of institutions, the underlying real interests and aims that determined policies, and the characteristic features of the art, philosophy, and literature of successive epochs. Apt quotations from the literature, often of considerable length, are everywhere skilfully interwoven with the text, so that as far as possible the Greeks are made to tell their own story. Abundant maps, reproductions of photographs, marginal references to authorities, suggestions for further studies, a table of dates, and a good index complete the equipment of a model text-book.

But will the model text-book yield better results than the old-fashioned story-telling compilation? Is it possible by any simplification or precision of phrase to give children really just ideas in the fields of the historical and moral sciences? Is it better to teach beginners (after Beloch) that the Spartans were simply wealthy farmers who moved into town, bought heavy armor, and subdued their neighbors, than it would be to relate in detail the legend of the Dorian migration which all Greece believed and all modern scholars have not outgrown? Is it wise to omit from a secondary text-book the names and details with which it would be unwise to burden the student's memory? Will not the secondary text-book for large classes of the population remain virtually the only book of reference in after years?

These questions, however, are for the new pedagogy rather than for Dr. Botsford, who has done excellently what he attempted. A cursory examination of the book reveals few points on which a reviewer may cavil. Is Dr. Botsford sure that the Greeks came into Greece in two-wheeled ox-carts? It is hardly true (p. 16) that "the religion of the [Homeric] time commanded forgiveness of injuries." Anaxagoras (p. 187) did not teach that Intelligence "was the power which ordained beforehand how all things in the universe should be arranged." In the map, p. 179, Olympeium should be Olympieium, as on page 75. On page 216, Thucydides ii-vii should be vi-vii. "The earliest civilization of the world was, as Herodotus says, 'the gift of the Nile,'" does not say quite what Dr. Botsford means. "For of old fate *went against* the Persians by the decrees of heaven," etc., is hardly a correct version of Æschylus, "Persæ," 102. The statement (p. 159) that Myron "was the artist of the moment" will probably puzzle the readers for whom the book is intended. It is only half true that Plato brought the term "idea" into philosophy. Isocrates's influence on Cicero determined, not "the course of development of European literature to this day," but at the most some forms of the periodic prose style.

In the Klondyke, including an Account of a Winter's Journey to Dawson. By Frederick Palmer. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1899. xii, 218 pp., 8vo, illustrated.

As the travelling correspondent of sundry periodicals, the author arrived at Dyea with the intention of accompanying the War Department expedition to relieve the alleged starvation on the Klondike in 1897. The fact that there was no starvation there leaked out before the party got away from the coast, and consequently the expedition was given up, after having caused the United States Government a wholly unnecessary expenditure of about one hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Palmer decided to make the trip to Dawson with dogs and sledges rather than wait with the horde of gold-seekers until the break-up of the ice. Late in March (no dates are given) he started, with two companions and seven dogs. After a digression to examine some reported diggings at Walsh Creek, and arrival at White Horse Cañon, he came down with the measles, which caused a delay of two weeks. Making a new start, he reached Dawson in safety four days before the ice went out (some time near the end of May?). The early summer was spent in exploring the mining camps of the vicinity, and on the first steamer for St. Michael the author departed, reaching Seattle July 19, after touching for coal at Unalashka.

Mr. Palmer has made a sensible and interesting book. His pictures of life on the trail, at Dawson, and in the diggings are obviously true to reality and infused with local color. His story indicates the possession of the sense of humor, patience, and persistence, which go far towards the making of a good comrade and successful traveller on any trail. Among the many publications on the same subject which have fallen under our notice, none has given more real satisfaction on perusal.

The disheartened feeling which experience of corrupt or incompetent American officials in Alaska or on our frontiers has often produced, finds some alleviation in Mr. Palmer's account of the Canadian officials and their ways, at Dawson. Rascality is of no country or race. Honorable exceptions stand out brightly here and there. In the seething ferment of a mining camp, the innate greed and moral weakness of the average individual naturally come to the top. People have a good deal of human nature in them on either side of the boundary line, and the value to morals of the pressure of public opinion is never distinctly realized until we have seen that pressure removed, and individual passions left free to follow the line of least resistance.

The book is not a manual for gold-seekers, and, if it were, the changes which have taken place since the author's visit would have made it obsolete. But any intending Yukoner may get from it a valuable glimpse of local conditions which do not greatly change, while the general reader will, we think, be indebted to it for a lively and truthful picture of life on the Klondike.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ashton, John. The History of Gambling in England. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co.
Bates, Arlo. Under the Beech-Tree., Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Bridge, Norman. The Penalties of Taste, and Other Essays. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co.
Brontë, Charlotte. Shirley. 2 vols. London: Downey & Co.; New York: Scribners. $4.
Brooks, E. S. Stories of the Old Bay State. American Book Co.
Burton, Isabel. The Life of Captain Sir Richard F. Burton. Scribners. $3.
Calkins, F. W. The Cougar-Tamer, and Other Stories of Adventure. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co.
Cantwell, Fredericka S. The High Commission. A Romance of the Spanish-American War. E. T. Neely.
Church, S. H. Oliver Cromwell. Commemoration Edition. Putnams. $6.
D'Avenel, Vicomte G. Paysans et Ouvriers depuis Sept Cents Ans. Paris: Colin & Cie.
Dickens, Charles. Reprinted Pieces. [Gadshill Edition.] London: Chapman & Hall; New York: Scribners. $1.50.
Foster, Prof. F. H. The Fundamental Ideas of the Roman Catholic Church. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication.
Fraser, Prof. A. C. Philosophy of Theism. 2d ed., amended. London: William Blackwood & Sons.
Froebel, F. Education by Development. Appletons.
Gale, Sarah H. The Grail Brothers. E. T. Neely.
Goltz, Gen. Colmar von der. The Conduct of War. [Wolseley Series.] London: Kegan Paul; New York: Scribners. $3.50.
Goldsmith, Oliver. The Vicar of Wakefield. Macmillan. 25c.
Hall, Tom. Tales. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.25.
Herrick, Robert. Love's Dilemmas. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co.
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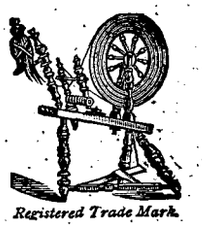
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